

IN COLLEGE (Illustrated).  
 DAYS IN THE HIGHLANDS. By Tom Speedy.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. L.—No. 1301.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1921.

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*From a portrait by Walter Thomas,*

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE MEAT MARKET

NO time would appear to be more suitable than the present for a calm discussion of the problems arising out of the breeding and sale of fat cattle that are now obtaining publicity. The topic must have been discussed at many a gathering, public and private, during the present week, because the Smithfield Show of fat cattle brings together all the different classes of those engaged in this business. The most important dispute is that which has arisen with regard to retail prices. It is generally conceded now that the farmer has undergone very considerable losses during the past agricultural year. If anything were needed to prove this, it would be the deficit in the account of the East Anglian Co-operative Association. This co-operative body has hitherto been, if not absolutely the most flourishing, at any rate a very flourishing combination. It is, in the main, worked for farmers by farmers, and the deduction drawn from its loss during the trading year is that farmers also must have met losses. This is particularly true with regard to those who engage in the industry of fattening cattle for the market. Twelve months ago they were getting immense prices, and stores were costing them a great deal of money. Then came a sudden fall in values. The animal that would bring £75 or £80 at an auction had to be sold for three-quarters or even half that

sum—a very serious matter when the abnormal price paid for stores, added to the cost of feeding, was taken into account. That the farmer lost on his cattle there can be no manner of doubt.

It was otherwise with the butcher. He let the retail price down very reluctantly and very slowly. In other words, his prices bore very little relationship to those he paid wholesale. It is plainly evident that he did not bear his part of the loss. He shut the door on any advantage that the public might legitimately have expected from the drop in the value of cattle. In our columns this week there is a short account of a device adopted by the Earl of Harrowby for giving the public whatever benefit may arise from a lowering in the price of cattle. It is, in brief, to establish a butcher's shop and sell the meat at nothing more than a reasonable profit. Throughout the country there are many instances in which farmers have done the same thing on their own initiative. The results in every case are to give to the buyer the benefit of any change in the wholesale market that should act in his favour. In the concrete, the plan works out to this: that the best joints of meat are sold at from one shilling and threepence to one shilling and sixpence per pound, as compared with the one shilling and ninepence and two shillings per pound charged by the ordinary butcher. It is common knowledge that the latter has been making immense profits during this collapse in the fat-cattle trade, and nothing is more likely to bring him to reason than the establishment of competitive shops, which is going on all over the country.

This, however, is only part of a very grave problem. It arises from the fact that it is impossible to obtain higher prices for food products of any kind in any part of the world. Wheat keeps falling and falling, although there are many regions in which the poor are starving to death. That is, indeed, the root of the whole matter. If purchasers had as much to spend now as they had before the war, food would indeed be dear. Those who perforce have to do without now would then become purchasers. That is why the cultivable area in Europe has fallen in productiveness below what it was in 1914. There is a scarcity of money everywhere which makes buying almost an impossibility. Obviously, it will spell ruin unless steps are taken to deal with it. Somebody said that, important as was the Peace Conference at Washington, still more important is the regulation of the rate of exchange. How can any country do business with Germany with the mark at something near a thousand to the English sovereign? Austria, Poland and circumjacent countries are in no better plight. That is why the most profound students of finance are giving their attention to methods for restoring the rate of exchange to something like its old level. The result may possibly be that means will be suggested for the various countries lessening, if not getting rid of, altogether those war debts which are hanging like an incubus on the neck of the whole world and crushing it down. It is the very irony of fate that Great Britain which won the war, is at the present moment in a less hopeful position than Germany which lost it. The latter has had her energy and ingenuity stimulated as never before in her history. The country as a whole may be overloaded with debt, but the individual, if we are to judge from the dividends paid, is making as much as ever. The country is described by so careful an observer as Sir Philip Gibbs as humming with industry. There is very little unemployment, and at least one-third of the people are working on the land. Our people are not working on the land. They are in very great danger of allowing it to lapse back into the wild, and this applies as much to the large farmer as to the allotment holder. The lessons of the war are in danger of being utterly ignored, for the remedy for our troubles is at once too simple and too laborious to be generally acceptable. It seems to be forgotten that land is the true source of all wealth, and that the more intensively it is cultivated the more does commerce flourish by the side of husbandry.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

NO more welcome Christmas gift can be offered the public than the news of an agreement between the British Government and the Sinn Feiners. After a long debate, which must have tried and wearied the intellect of all who took part in it, the preliminary terms were accepted at a quarter past two on Tuesday morning, December 6th, 1921. We give the date in full because of our hope that it will become historical as the dawn of a new era in the relationship between Great Britain and her sister Isle. No time this to dwell on the faults or merits of either of them. There are faults on both sides, springing from an ineradicable tendency to rebellion on the part of Ireland and a want of sympathetic understanding on the part of Great Britain, leading to anarchical proceedings on the part of the one and gusts of more or less drastic Cromwellism on the part of the other. It will be to the advantage of both countries that this state of things should end. Perhaps it is too early to assume that this peaceful end is already achieved. The terms still want to be homologated by Parliament, the people and the King. But, the first step being taken, we look to all the parties concerned—Sir James Craig and Mr. de Valera, the King and his trusty advisers—to make all despatch in getting the agreement worked out in detail, put into legal form and confirmed.

AS was expected, the Smithfield Show this year was full of lively interest. Like the preceding Shows, it presented a triumph for the Aberdeen-Angus breed, which came to the top at all the preceding livestock shows of the year—Norwich, Birmingham and Edinburgh. Major Morrison of Basildon is to be congratulated on having secured the championship with his huge bullock Julian of Basildon, which was junior champion last year. Basildon is attaining great fame for the excellence of its livestock and well deserves the honour of taking the Champion Plate for the best beast in the Show. The shorthorn does not hold that pre-eminence as a beef animal that it does as a dairy cow. Indeed, its best claim to superiority lies in its double purpose character. It fills the can and, when the time is past for that, it will fatten and bring a good price to the butcher. The King, who visited the Show on the opening day, had the gratification of seeing his beautiful Hereford Laurel win the first prize in its class and the championship of the breed. It well deserved that place. In pigs, which are annually assuming greater importance, the championship went to that skilful breeder, Mr. A. Hiscock; and the executors of Sir Ernest Cassel won the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup in the sheep department with a very fine pen of Suffolk lambs. It was easily, both for numbers and quality, the best Smithfield Show we have had since the beginning of the war.

SIR WALTER GILBEY, at the luncheon, made a speech which was not wholly a pæan of joy for the exhibition, though he acknowledged it a good omen that the war had not

in any way proved detrimental to the industry. He had a few sober and well considered remarks to make about the agricultural position, and particularly the agricultural landlord, whose condition is not better than it was last year, but worse. There can be no dispute with regard to his complaint that taxation and death duties have almost annihilated the landlords and compelled them to sell their properties. The Government should take warning from his statement that the position of agriculturists at the present time is almost precarious, and that unless they step in and make some drastic change they will see an unparalleled position in the farming world. Things are going very badly in that quarter just now. The expenses of cultivation are exceeding the profits, and unless something is done a great deal of the land is bound to revert to rough pasture or semi-waste. This is a very serious outlook, and all the more so because in the immediate future Great Britain will have to depend more than she ever did before on home-grown foodstuffs. At the moment she is buying more foreign grain than any other country. This would be bad in any circumstances, but it is, unfortunately, worse at a time when our factories are not making goods for exportation that would pay for our importation of foodstuffs.

IT is full time that the country took to its large heart the case of the hospitals. There are no other institutions so serviceable and humane. It has, in the past, been an incalculable privilege that the poorest of the poor have had in the hospital opportunities of having their illnesses and accidents attended to by the most skilful of our medical experts. This cannot go on unless financial support is bountifully extended to the hospitals. Great surgeons and great physicians have been most generous in giving services, for which they very properly receive great fees from the public, to hospital inmates for nothing; but the hospital itself requires a substantial income for upkeep—for its buildings, nurses, servants and other outgoings. Since the war the required help has not been forthcoming, and it would not be fair to blame the public too much for that. Everyone has a heavier burden to carry now than he had in the year 1914. Still, the amount needed could be given if a strong and general effort were made to hand over to the hospitals what can be spared—and, perhaps, a little more than can be spared.

### THE SWANS.

Once I awoke at dawn and heard,  
Like a low and plaintive crying,  
Sweeter than song of singing bird,  
The sound of wild swans flying.

I saw the flock, steadfast in flight,  
Quite half the pale sky spanning,  
White necks outstretched and pinions white  
The cool air slowly fanning.

They flew away above the hill,  
Since then I've seen a million things,  
But in my heart I can hear still,  
The lovely clamour of their wings.

GUY RAWLENCE.

TO all the complaints made in regard to the bad service and high cost of the Post Office Mr. Kellaway seems determined to reply with a *non possumus*. While the railway managers have been meeting for the purpose of considering how far rates and fares can be reduced, he has sent to a provincial Chamber of Commerce a hopeless repetition of his ancient excuse. He can see nothing except the financial deficit of the Post Office. That is the worst of having a purely business man in such a position. Those who put him there forget that, while a great statesman must include the business man, so to speak, within himself, a good business man is not necessarily a great statesman. That is to say, he may not include within himself the greater qualities of statesmanship. That, in our opinion, is what is wrong with Mr. Kellaway. His mind seems to be that of an accountant merely—one can see that by the monotony

with which he repeats again and again the same excuse for doing nothing. Sir Rowland Hill, when he advocated the penny stamp, could only by the gift of imagination have discerned that it would become a profitable proposition in the end. If he had sat with a book of accounts before him and judged simply by figures, he would have lost heart altogether. Surely, the Post Office has already had experience enough of very high rates to know that a small charge will generally yield more than a large one—on the principle that a hundred people paying one shilling each are more worth serving than one man paying fifty shillings. The country is paying very heavily indeed for having at the head of the Post Office one who is little more than a calculating machine.

AMONG the many proposals for the disposal of Stowe House the latest is the most sensible. Mr. Harry Shaw's idea is that it should be devoted to national purposes, and nothing is of more vital national interest than education; so Mr. Shaw recognises at once the desirability of founding a new Public School on the model of Eton, Winchester or Rugby at Stowe, and he has offered the mansion to the Association of Preparatory Schools. According to the Secretary of this Association, which comprehends about five hundred preparatory schools in different parts of the country, there is a splendid opportunity for starting a new establishment. The existing schools have a long waiting list, and it would relieve the congestion if another were built equal in educational resources to those already existing. Among other advantages which should not be left out of account is that there are 288 acres of land attached to the house and a first-class cricket pitch. It would, therefore, be well served with playing fields—an essential adjunct to an educational centre in these days.

PIGEON shooting at Monte Carlo has been "scotched," but not killed. In the Principality itself clay birds will be substituted for live pigeons, but the latter will be used at Cap Fleuri, close to the Principality on the road to Nice. This is French soil. One may dare to hope that when the French come to realise what has occurred they will take steps to interfere with the barbarous form of sport, which is as distasteful to French men and women as it is to people in this country.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made that research work is being carried out by the Committee of Scientific and Industrial Research in regard to the possibility of extending the keeping capacity of apples. It is a subject not very well understood, and, perhaps, the simplest method for the orchardist to follow at present is to grow soft apples for immediate consumption, and confine himself to two or three varieties of hard apples to be kept for use in winter and spring. Apples are not so precious in the kitchen after the early rhubarb is ready in good quantity. The tendency of the human taste is to weary of any fruit that has been too long in use. If, however, the experimentalists at Messrs. Chivers' farm in Cambridgeshire should be able to extend the keeping quality of apples well into the rhubarb season, there would be reason for gratitude. After the rhubarb, it must be remembered that there is a rapid succession of fruit for consumption—green gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, black currants, red currants, loganberries, and so on, till the day of the apple comes again, and there is no fruit fit to compare with the first apples of July.

IN this the second number of COUNTRY LIFE in which the Eton College buildings are illustrated, we have to record the death of a devoted son of Eton, Mr. R. S. De Havilland. His death was painfully sudden. It was but a few days ago that the writer met him at Eton and watched for a while a match in the Field in his always pleasant company. Mr. De Havilland was a fine oarsman: he rowed in the Oxford Eights of 1882 and 1883 and was President in the latter year; but it was as the coach of many Eton eights that he built himself his most enduring monument in the world of rowing. He succeeded in that office the late Rev. S. H. Donaldson, afterwards Master

of Magdalene at Cambridge, and turned out some magnificent crews. It was sometimes said that the eights he coached were not so stylish as their predecessors; but, however that may be, the roll of victories at Henley is eloquent of his skill. For seven years running the Eton Eight under his care won the Ladies' Plate at Henley—a wonderful record. He was for some time in command of the Eton Volunteers and subsequently of the O.T.C., and after he had retired from being a master last year he still lived at Eton and was actively engaged as Secretary of the Old Etonian Association. Many generations of Eton boys will hold him in affectionate remembrance.

MOST people will wish more power to the *Daily Mail* in the new campaign which it has started against dear coal. The point to be remembered is that coal at its present price is beyond the capacity of any ordinary wage. In the country this makes itself felt by raids upon fencing and other kinds of wood used on the land, which, when all is counted, is the most expensive of methods of obtaining fuel. In the town it is leading to a great deal of privation at a time when fires are really necessary. While the miners in South Wales have nothing like enough work to do, the cost of anthracite coal in London at the time of writing is ninety-five shillings a ton. Why cannot that be lowered? The idea of our contemporary is that if those who can, as a rule, afford to use the best coal, would be content to buy the cheaper kind, it would eventually lead to a reduction in prices all round. Where this has been done a sharp reduction in the price of household coal has already been announced. It has amounted to as much as eight shillings on a ton in the case of one firm, and reductions of three shillings to four shillings in other firms. This is a good reason for sticking to the policy that has been announced. As there has been a drop at the pit head, and there is the promise of a further drop, it is all to the country's advantage that the consumer and not the coal dealer should obtain the benefit of the fall.

#### DECEMBER GREETINGS.

In the embers,  
This December's,  
The "Decembers" of all time,  
There are faces one remembers,  
And they cheer our Christmastime.  
Best are they of Christmas cheer,  
Glowing brighter every year  
As their outlines grow more clear.

In the embers,  
This December's,  
The "Decembers" of all time,  
May there ne'er a face grow dim,  
Face of her, or face of him:  
Of a friend that e'er was thine,  
Or a friend that e'er was mine.

NORMAN C. GOULD.

EVEN those who set little store on the talk of politicians are willing to admit that some good has already come from the Peace Conference at Washington. There is not much that is definite, but we seem to feel even at this long distance that the atmosphere is favourable to peaceful arrangement. On the whole, it would probably make for peace if both the Japanese and the British can, without ill-will to one another, bring the alliance between them to a close. It was undoubtedly an irritation to America and a constraint which Japan felt. The aspect of the cleavage—or it must be a cleavage, be it done ever so gently—which we dislike most is that a dissolution of the alliance would be a breaking up of an incipient brotherhood between the yellow races and the white. We cannot forget, however, that Australia insisted upon it. Japan, with her forty million inhabitants, is a menace that cannot be overlooked to an Australia with only five million white inhabitants, and the colonists, naturally, do not like the alliance. Nevertheless, Japan seems ready to agree to the five-five-three apportionment of ships, and her statesmen probably recognise that her ends will be gained in the future less by arms than by peaceful persuasion of her statesmen.



## TREE-TOP COUNTRY

**B**EFORE the invention of the camera and the coming of the instantaneous photographer tree-top country was little understood by the naturalist. It was a very tantalising world set with the towns and boroughs of such birds as the rook, the heron, the owl and the sparrowhawk. The poet within the naturalist was stirred to admiration by the various feathered people who inhabited that magical land. Like Leigh Hunt, he loved the rooks for their "caws," and he watched the heron winging its way from the plantation to the distant streamlets, where he was popularly supposed to sit for hours at a time on one leg, with his beak couched as a spear wherewith to impale the troutling or eel. He saw hawks of various sorts build their nests in the clefts and high branches. He saw the squirrel, too, popping into his drey, and he knew various other wild creatures that had their haunts and homes in these altitudes. He could not come to any close intimacy with them. His only method of approach was the rude and primitive one of climbing, and long before his cumbrous ascent took him to the neighbourhood of the bird colonies the old inhabitants had flown away to circle in the sky above him and watch his operations with suspicion and dislike. What would White of Selborne have given to have been able to watch them conducting their domesticities unalarmed? What pictures Richard Jeffries could have drawn of them with his magical pen! This familiarity was impossible until the modern photographer-naturalist invented the cunning system of "hides" and could fix his camera like a spring gun, so that whatsoever touched the trigger produced a picture of what was going on at the moment. In this way a rabbit provided the picture used as the frontispiece of Captain Knight's book.

Among those who have surmounted the difficulties Captain Knight holds a very distinguished place. He is a most observant and accurate naturalist and a photographer of unusual skill. He also has that quality of taking pains which, if not in itself genius, is, at any rate, an attribute without which genius cannot become effective. The result of his work in that delightful branch (or should we say branches?) of natural history is embodied in a book that we are sure will give the utmost pleasure alike to the older students of natural history and to the boys and girls whose intelligence is just beginning to be stirred into activity and their wonder excited by the life and action of those birds that inhabit a region that has had romance for them since those early times when their nurse lulled them to sleep with "Hush-a-bye, Baby, on the tree top." Perhaps it was from the ancient rhyme that Captain Knight found the title for his book, *Wild Life in the Tree Tops* (Thornton Butterworth).

Our illustrations show many remarkable examples

of the study of birds at close quarters. It might perhaps be thought that they had been selected as the outstanding pictures in the book, but this is not so. Our readers have been made familiar with many of its finest contents, and the present selections from the book are made mainly because they have not appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* before, though they are, indeed, of very exceptional interest. Take the four pictures of the heronry at nesting time, which are first in the series. They are not only pretty and striking pictures, but they bring before the reader the home life of the heron in a manner that must be unprecedented. In the first of them the young herons noisily acclaim the arrival of their parent. Captain Knight has something original to say about even this ordinary event. He tells us that the herons, being fed, do not get in the slightest degree excited at what is taking place in other nests. The old birds come and go, passing most of the time hunting food for their offspring, and it is remarkable that the young herons should be able to identify their own parents even when they are approaching the nest among others. Scores of birds, apparently all alike in voice and colour, pass above them, yet they promptly distinguish the flight and cry of their father and mother. No one could interpret these stories of home life who had not watched them from a "hide." In the



The young herons noisily acclaim the arrival of their parent, and—



—By stroking her beak endeavour to induce her to disgorge.



Having fought over and swallowed the unsavoury looking mass—

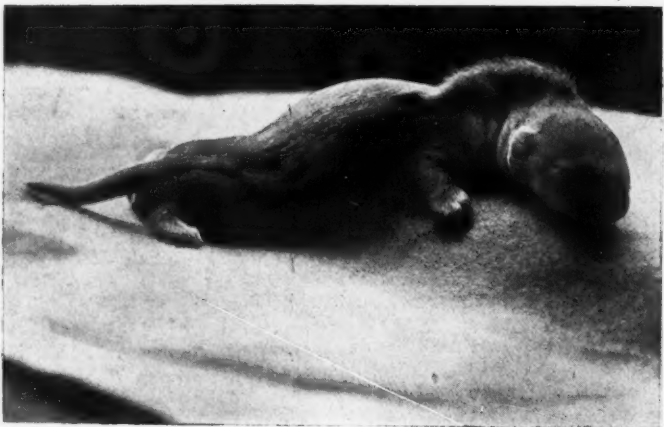


—They one by one adjourn to the neighbouring tree tops.

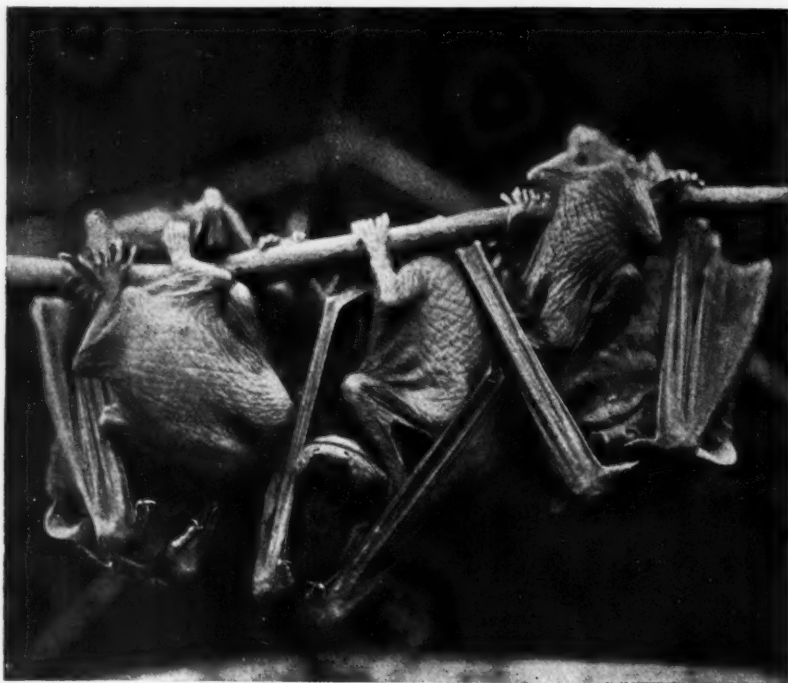




A TAWNY OWL LEAVING HER NESTING PLACE.



THE SCRUFF OF THE YOUNG STOAT.



THREE FEMALE NOCTULES AND THEIR YOUNG.

first picture the young are simply rejoicing that their mother has come with their dinner; in the second, by stroking her beak they endeavour to induce her to disgorge; in the third, they have fought over and swallowed the unsavoury-looking mass; and in the last, they adjourn to the neighbouring tree tops. Much more than this is told by the naturalist. What the mother has brought home to her children is an enormous eel partially digested. They did exactly as chickens do when a mealy bran is thrown to them in the farmyard. On it the youngsters fall like a pack of wolves, pecking off and swallowing pieces where they can do so. Ultimately one of them seizes the body of the eel in his beak and tries to work it down his throat, but it is too bulky and he has to drop it. Another makes the attempt and fails also. The patient mother looks on while all her young ones fail in succession, and then seizes the eel, swallows it and perches in a neighbouring tree, where she rests till the eel is partly "cooked." After half an hour she goes back to the nest and produces it softer and smaller, going away on her hunting expedition, when one of the young herons succeeds in swallowing the eel.

Our next illustration is that of a tawny owl leaving her nesting home. The tree top in this case is that of an old oak which has either been severely lopped or, what is more probable, has lost its great boughs through disease or tempest. The strange, vivid, curious little face of the owl, the bars on her wings, and the sharply defined feet and claws remind us oddly of the monstrous figures meant to symbolise evil spirits which the early builders placed on the churches to show that evil things pass away after the consecration of the fane. Captain Knight gives a beautifully written and well observed description of the manner of her entrance to her stronghold:

When she had finally convinced herself that there was no further need for alarm, she would stretch her wings, and float down towards the entrance to her nest, and backwatering, as it were, immediately above it, would poise herself for a fraction of a second, and then, with wings still open, but pointing upwards, would literally drop into it, her entrance causing a curious hollow "plomp"—the sort of sound that a cushion makes when one drops it on a wood floor.

He takes a very loving interest in the owls, and his pen becomes vivid whenever he writes on them.

The young stoat comes in as part of the history of a hollow tree investigated by our author in 1914. In the previous year a barn owl had nested in it, and Captain Knight says he climbed the tree very quietly, hoping to surprise the owl on her nest; but just as he was going to peep into the hole, out flew a wild duck and nearly hit him in the face. It had a nest inside with some six or eight eggs lying among the down. It is probable, for reasons connected with safety, that the mallard often chooses to build its nest and rear its young in a hollow of a pollarded tree. It must have been an interesting experience to find it where a barn owl had nested, but

a lodging like that attracts a succession of tenants, as Captain Knight was to discover. When he climbed up again some weeks after, the surprise did not come from a bird, but from a stoat which showed its head at the mouth of a hole some 12ft. further up the tree, which must have been a very hollow one. On further investigation he found that there was a nest containing five young stoats hidden among the duck's down and rabbit fur in a corner of the hole. Such young stoats, as is shown by the illustration, are provided with a "scruff" at the back of the neck, which consists of loose skin covered with comparatively long hair, the hair being of a much redder colour than that with which the rest of the body is covered. The author describes this "scruff" as an instance of Nature's provision for the peculiarities of her children. Stoats are very much in the habit of carrying their young from place to place. Other animals do the same without having the appurtenance, however. The vixen shifts her cubs from one den to another, and the domestic cat carries her kitten by the "scruff" of the neck exactly in the same way as the wild stoat. A story is related by the author which deals with the finding of a family of stoats in a squirrel's nest in a tall oak tree, which proves, if proof were necessary, that the voracious little hunter adds to his other



THE MERLIN WITH TAIL OUTSPREAD.



THE SPARROW-HAWK'S WILD EYE.

accomplishments an ability to climb trees. The picture of noctule bats would be useful if any modern builder wished to imitate the old gargoyle. Harmless, even beautiful little creatures as they are, their appearance easily accounts for the repugnance which they excite at close quarters, where they show nothing of the grace and speed which distinguish their flight through the air. The habit of the noctule bats is to carry the new-born little bats when they go out for their nightly rambles until they are sufficiently developed to be left behind.

Many people regard the sparrowhawk as a mere ruffian of the hedgerows, but we hope that the author's eulogy of this bird will tend to lessen their prejudice. Nothing better than the picture we reproduce could show that he or she is, at any

rate, a very handsome ruffian and a good parent. For these reasons forgiveness should be extended to the acts of rapacity committed in a world where Nature is red in tooth and claw.

The merlin usually nests on the heathery ground of a moorland. It is only a chance dweller in the cities of the tree, but Captain Knight was lucky enough to find one on the top of a beech 35ft. in height and made a beautiful photograph of it, which we reproduce.

We have confined our remarks to the pictures which are reproduced here, but those mentioned must be considered only samples from a very rich collection. We can imagine no more welcome present to a Nature-loving boy than this wonderful description of bird life in the tree tops.

## OLD ENGLISH BOTTLES

"If you wish to make bottles, this do. When you have gathered some hot glass on the end of a blowing tube and blown it in the form of a large bladder, (quasi vesicam) swing the tube with the glass appended to it, beyond your head as if

you intended to throw it, and the neck will be stretched by this action: then separate it with a wet stick and put it in the annealing furnace."

Such were the instructions of the glass expert of the thirteenth century. In the twentieth century a bottle-making machine with its fifteen or more automatic arms successively sucking up glass, cutting it off, pressing, blowing, swinging, moulding and finishing, turns out well over one thousand bottles per hour which are perfectly uniform in shape and capacity. The thirteenth century bottle was merely a bulb with a neck, similar to that represented in the fourteenth century picture of Chaucer's doctor of physic. This shape would be suggested by the most rudimentary attempt at glass-blowing, and simple bottles of this kind were probably made at all glass furnaces from a very early date. By the sixteenth century glass technique had advanced and on the sites of glass houses of that period there are found remains, more or less perfect, of flat, deeply ribbed, pale green wine flasks, which may have been intended to imitate the flat wicker-covered bottles in which many foreign wines were imported. From the middle of the seventeenth century all English wine bottles were made in so-called "bottle-houses" and the glass used for making them was very dark green, amber or black. There were many of these houses, but it is impossible to assign any particular bottle to any particular glass house. Nine were in the London district, five in Bristol, five in Stourbridge, four in Newcastle, three in Gloucester, two in Newnham, two in Silkstone, Yorkshire, and many others scattered about the country. In London, Ratcliff was the chief centre of bottle-making, but on the south side of the river there were the Bear Garden Works, works near the Old Barge Stairs, and a large glass house near St. Mary Overies, now Southwark Cathedral. Mr. Francis Buckley quotes the following extract from "Tracts relating to Trade": "In 1695 it was computed that 240,000 dozens of bottles were made in England every year."

The bottles were used chiefly for table use, but also, especially in private houses, for storage. In taverns and inns wine and spirits were generally stored in pipes, rundlets and hogsheads and the contents drawn off into bottles for the use of customers.



FIGS. 1 AND 2 ILLUSTRATE THE VARIATIONS IN SHAPE OF OLD ENGLISH WINE BOTTLES BETWEEN 1650 AND 1720.

Improvements had been made in the bulb-shaped bottle: the neck had been strengthened for corking or stoppering by the addition of a glass ring, which also gave increased security for handling, and stability had been given by pushing upwards and inwards the base of the bulb to form the familiar "kick-up" of modern wine bottles. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the kick-up became wide and high, so that an apparently generous bottle, although full, might contain an unexpectedly small quantity of wine. Another innovation, suggested possibly by some of the ancient Roman bottles, was the addition on the shoulder of the bottle of a glass seal impressed with a crest, a badge or the sign of an inn, with, in some cases, a date and initials.





3.—WINE BOTTLE WITH INITIALS AND DATE 1686.



4.—WINE BOTTLE WITH SIGN OF INN, INITIALS AND DATE 1685.



5.—WINE BOTTLE WITH ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON ON SEAL.

Samuel Pepys on October 23rd, 1663, went "to Mr. Rawlinson's and saw some of my new bottles, made with my crest upon them, filled with wine, about five or six dozen." These were evidently intended for storage as well as for use on table.

Mr. Hartshorne in "Old English Glasses" quotes an entry in the household books of Naworth Castle of 1624, "19 quartes of seck to fill the cellars of glasses." When in July, 1728, Lord Bingley was returning to his Yorkshire seat, Bramham Park, among other domestic instructions the following were issued: Three musicians apparently formed part of the household; a coach was to be sent to meet them at Tadcaster and they were to want "nather meat nor drink." "It will be proper to get some littel port wine for the Mufick as also if you have Bottals to Bottle of a hoghead of some of the Malt Liquors that is best and finest. . . ." "Let the Musick chuse themselves a hodgehead out of the Caller," . . . "and let it be kept seprat for them only." (COUNTRY LIFE, October 8th, 1921.) The long neck of the original bulb-shaped bottle was at first retained, but a squat bottle with short tapering neck was gradually evolved, partly because it was less liable to be capsized and partly because the shortened neck allowed the space between the storage shelves in cellars to be reduced. Mr. E. Thurlow Leeds has published an interesting paper (*Antiquary*, August, 1914) on the dating of glass wine bottles of the Stuart period. Impressed dates, inn signs and initials have enabled him to arrange several series of bottles illustrating the changes in form which occurred in decades between 1650 and 1720, so that it is possible by the study of its form to assign an approximate date to an unmarked bottle. The changes took place in the neck, the body and the "kick-up." The earliest dated bottle, 1657, is in the Northampton Museum (Fig. 6). The neck is long, the body is bulbous and the kick-up small. Between 1660 and 1680 the necks are still somewhat long, but the body becomes more angular and the kick-up is increased in size. Between 1680 and 1720 the neck becomes shorter and more tapered, and the kick-up wider and higher (Figs. 1 and 2).

Squat, wide bottles, although steady and low, were unsuited for storage in large numbers or for holding port wine, which by the beginning of the eighteenth century had gained great popularity. By 1750 a cylindrical bottle had been evolved, very similar to the modern port wine bottle, but rather larger in the body. These were intended for storage and could be stacked horizontally in bins. Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of

the Dilettanti Society (Fig. 8) shows that black bottles were used at table in 1777. The members of the Society are using commonplace cylindrical black bottles together with colourless wine-glasses with cut stems.

The passing of the squat black bottle must be regarded with some regret. It was sturdy, sensible and aesthetically satisfactory. It owed its supersession on the dinner-table to port wine, which demanded colourless transparent glass for the display of its colour and for the detection of its beeswing.

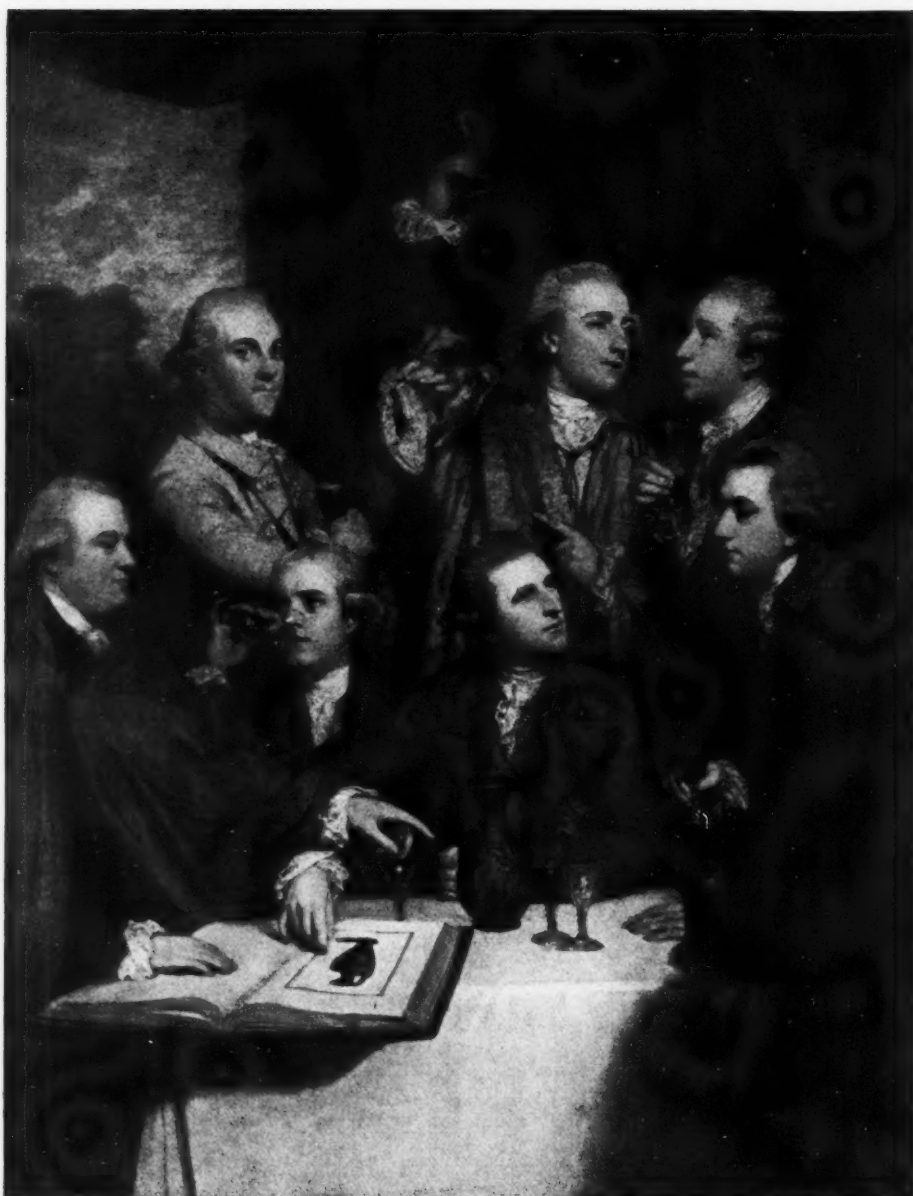
According to Dr. Johnson to decant "is to pour off gently by inclination," and a decanter is a glass vessel to receive clear liquor poured off from the lees. The *Tatler*, August 9th, 1710, contains the following advertisement: "At the Flint Glass-House in White Fryars are made and sold all sorts of decanthers of the best Flint." The fashion of using colourless flint glass decanthers for the table in place of black bottles had the effect of introducing the manufacture of wine decanthers in flint glass houses. The earliest flint glass decanthers were probably globular with a flattened base. The famous Chastleton decanthers are of this form and were made for Henry Jones, a zealous Jacobite, who died in 1761. The shape of the Newdegate decanthers was probably the next development. In these the diameter of the shoulder slightly exceeds that of the base. In the desire for



6.—EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH WINE BOTTLE, WITH DATE ON SEAL 1657. Northampton Museum.



7.—WINE BOTTLE, APPROXIMATELY STRAIGHT SIDED, 1757.



8.—PICTURE OF MEMBERS OF THE DILETTANTI SOCIETY, PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN 1777. Showing that up to that date black bottles were still used at table. The wine-glasses are colourless, with cut stems.

increased stability a decanter was evolved about 1770, tapering gracefully from the neck to a wide base, and this form, with many modifications, lasted until the end of the century, overlapping decanters with parallel sides. Social habits changed, the necessity for stability decreased, and by 1851 the diameter of the shoulder of a decanter once more slightly exceeded that of the base.

## BOGEY AND SCRATCH

OUR old friend—or enemy—Colonel Bogey has lately been rather more than usual in the limelight. For one thing he has had paid him the honour of professional opposition. There have been various competitions in which clubs have been represented by an alliance of a professional and an amateur, and these couples have played against Bogey. Now the poor old Colonel, whom we half despise, even though he beats us so often, was never intended to stand up against a professional, still less against the better ball of a professional and an amateur, and he has received in these competitions the most exemplary castigation. Thus he has had at once an advancement in life and a very severe set down.

At the same time Bogey has been confronted with something in the nature, at first sight, of a rival in the shape of the "scratch scores" now being fixed by clubs all over the country. This is being done in accordance with the request of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient, who hope thus to benefit golfing mankind by getting something like a universal basis of handicapping. Of course the scratch score is not really a rival of Bogey for one obvious reason which is not yet, I find, very generally appreciated. The scratch score is merely the

total score in which it is thought that a player, properly entitled to be "scratch," should play the course in normal circumstances. Therefore it is not possible, nor was it intended that it should be so, to play against the scratch score hole by hole as against Bogey. From this point of view it is a more academic and less practically useful sort of thing than the Colonel's score. From another point of view it is a far more reasonable thing. We know that Bogey's score is always a rather unsatisfactory compromise. There is on every golf course a number of holes of much the same length and difficulty. There is no reason why a scratch player should not do any individual one of them in four; indeed, he should do so. But there is a cogent reason why he should not do them all in four apiece, namely, that he is not a perfect golfer but a fallible human being. Hence the insuperable difficulty of making the perfect Bogey score. If all those practically similar holes are labelled as fours, the Bogey score is impossibly low, but if they are all fives it becomes despicably high. This trouble disappears in fixing the "scratch score" of a course. We have not got to assume that the scratch player takes five at the fourth hole and four at the fifth, when there is not a difference of a stroke or anything like it between these two holes. We only assume that, being human, he will make a certain number of mistakes in the course of the round; he may gain on the swings and lose on the roundabouts or *vice versa*, but experience of the particular course shows that his total score in the end should be about such and such a figure.

An effective rough and ready way (it cannot in the nature of things be a perfect one) has been devised of arriving at the scratch score of a course. It is, first, to take the "par" score, that is to say, the score in which the course can be played in normal circumstances by one making no mistakes and taking two putts on each green. Next, to add to the par score a number of strokes, not as a rule to exceed five, as an allowance for the difficulties of the course and that human fallibility before alluded to. This does not make the matter entirely simple. It is not always easy to say what the par should be. Even when there is little doubt about it, the fact remains that the par of one course will represent an almost impossibly magnificent standard, that of another a standard that quite ordinary mortals may on occasion attain. The other day I was discussing the par of a famous inland course with one of the local authorities. On this course there are certain holes which can be reached in two very fine shots. They are therefore par fours, but in fact only the truly great make a practice of getting fours there, for, apart from their length, these holes bristle with difficulties and there is nearly always "a wind on the heath." We agreed on the par of each individual hole. We added up the total and it came to 70 or 71. Add five to that and it makes 75 or 76, and we both again agreed that this set distinctly too high a standard for the scratch player. Take, on the other hand, a course where there is a number of holes measuring between 250yds. and 320yds. These are par fours, but there ought to be no difficulty in getting them fairly regularly. I have given two rather extreme cases. The problem presented by the average course is by no means so severe, but there must be a certain amount of elasticity of mind on the part of those who make these scratch scores.

This article is to some extent propaganda in disguise, because I am officially concerned with the scratch scores of courses in the southern section. Therefore I may, perhaps, say a little more about the difficulties I have found. I particularly want to say first that, though I do not believe this system is a complete panacea for all handicapping anomalies, I do believe it will do good if thoroughly carried out, and therefore it is much to be hoped that all clubs will try to help the R. and A. by fixing

these scratch scores. Now as to the difficulties. A few clubs, I find, are actually too humble-minded and too nobly anxious to do their best. So they put their scores too low. But this is the exception. It is more common to suggest that the old Bogey score should do service also as the new "scratch score" without considering that the standard of scratch play has gone up. It has gone up because the scratch score of the championship courses has been fixed at 79, and that is a score lower than the average scratch player, on present ratings, can be expected to do. The handicapping in the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews this autumn was done on the basis of a scratch score of 79, and it showed the heightening of the standard. A number of players who are rated elsewhere, as a rule, at "plus three," became "plus one," and so on up the list. Some of the members of a committee have usually an acquaintance with one, at any rate, of the championship courses. Therefore before they finally fix on a scratch score for their own course I venture to suggest that they ask themselves this question: "Is a 77 (or whatever the score may be) on this course as good as a 79 over, let us say, St. Andrews or Westward Ho!?" I do not say it is an easy question to answer, but it is, I think, a help. Obviously inland courses vary very much in difficulty according to the state of the turf. I can recall a very well known one,

not particularly muddy, where an ordinarily good hitter can reach the two-shot holes in a hot summer with a drive and a pitch, whereas in winter he must often play short of the cross-bunkers that guard the green with his second shot. I think that in estimating scratch scores abnormally dry weather should be ruled out of account. So should abnormally heavy rain. Beyond that we can only try to behave like that rare creature, often alluded to in the law reports, "a reasonable man."

There are just two more points worth mentioning. First, a scratch score is not going to interfere with Bogey and Bogey competitions. The two things are fundamentally distinct, and nobody is going to be deprived of the fun of struggling with that ghostly enemy. The second point I approach with a little diffidence. I fancy some golfers are afraid that the fixing of a scratch score is a prelude to dragooning them into sending in so many cards a year for the purposes of handicapping them. Now the ladies, who are wonderfully thorough organisers, have a system of sending in cards. It suits them, but it would not suit the lazier and less disciplined male golfer. He need not be frightened. There is no desire or intention on anyone's part that he should have to do anything of the sort. Heaven forbid!

BERNARD DARWIN.

## THE VICE-PROVOST OF ETON

TO have deserved well of Eton, this is the best tribute which Etonians can give to those who have spent their lives in her service, and none has earned the praise better than Hugh Macnaghten, who was elected Vice-Provost in 1920. The strength, and more rarely the weakness, of Eton lies in the management of the houses, and during the whole time in which Macnaghten occupied Jordley's (1899-1920) his house was one of the very best. Although it once won the House Cricket Cup and once the House Fives, and was several times in the final in these contests, as in that for the Football Cup, it was on the river that it had most fame. In the race for House Fours, Macnaghten's won seven times, was second four times and third thrice, thus rowing in the final for fourteen years out of twenty-one and rivalling Warre's renowned fours in the 'sixties and 'seventies. But athletic success was never secured at the expense of intellectual interests. In one half the house had five members in Sixth Form, probably a "record." Among Macnaghten's elder boys, the high standard was always encouraged further by the presence of their tutor's pupils from College (of which he had been so distinguished a member, 1874-1881), among whom were six Newcastle Scholars and four Medallists. And who that ever sought him out in Pupil-room "after twelve" among his lower boys will forget the pleasant impression of hard work tempered by humour and sympathy? The secret of his influence was revealed by the "Eton Letters, 1915-1918," written to Old Boys at the front—letters which a generation hence may well become an Eton classic. But no description of that influence would be complete without some mention of the illuminating letters which he wrote to parents, full as they were of the most intimate knowledge of the boys' characters.

As a division master, as soon as "homogeneous" divisions were introduced in 1901, until he gave up his mastership, he took the "Select" in B, or Upper Fifth. To be up to him was a liberal education in itself, and even boys of mediocre ability, who thus came under his influence, found themselves becoming

scholars unawares. Few division masters, since William Johnson in the 'sixties, have shown such power of inspiration, and his reports to tutors at the end of each half were perhaps the best ever written. Naturally, boys were impressed by the brilliant record which held Newcastle Scholar in 1881, Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and winner of innumerable prizes and medals.

In 1889, with Mr. Ramsay, now Lower master, he edited with notes the Poems of Catullus, "the single Roman poet" (to quote the preface) "whom no boy has ever wholly failed to appreciate"; and in the same year he published "The Story of Catullus," interspersing the narrative with numerous delightful renderings of the poems in English. In 1904 appeared "Ave, Regina," a small book of poems, followed in 1911 by "Verses Ancient and Modern." Both volumes have the charm of noble or playful thoughts expressed in graceful verse, redolent, as it were, of that Greece of old which moulded his nature, but referring also to Eton friends and Eton events, and to the children whom he loved. In some more complete Eton anthology of the future there will surely appear some fragments of Macnaghten's poetry, with those from Gray and Shelley, Præd and Moultrie, Swinburne and Arthur Benson and Ainger.

Till Macnaghten gave up, his house and his division were to him all in all. Now as a member of the College he has a hardly less important life. He still teaches in First Hundred Extras, he still plays his beloved Fives, which he taught to so many of his lower boys; he still umpires at football. But his influence is wider. Those who heard his address on Greek to the Greekless Windsor County School, or his lectures on Poetry to the Workers' Educational Association, or listened to him reading the Book of Job or the Hebrew Prophets in Chapel, realise that he to-day can teach us, as when years ago he wrote:

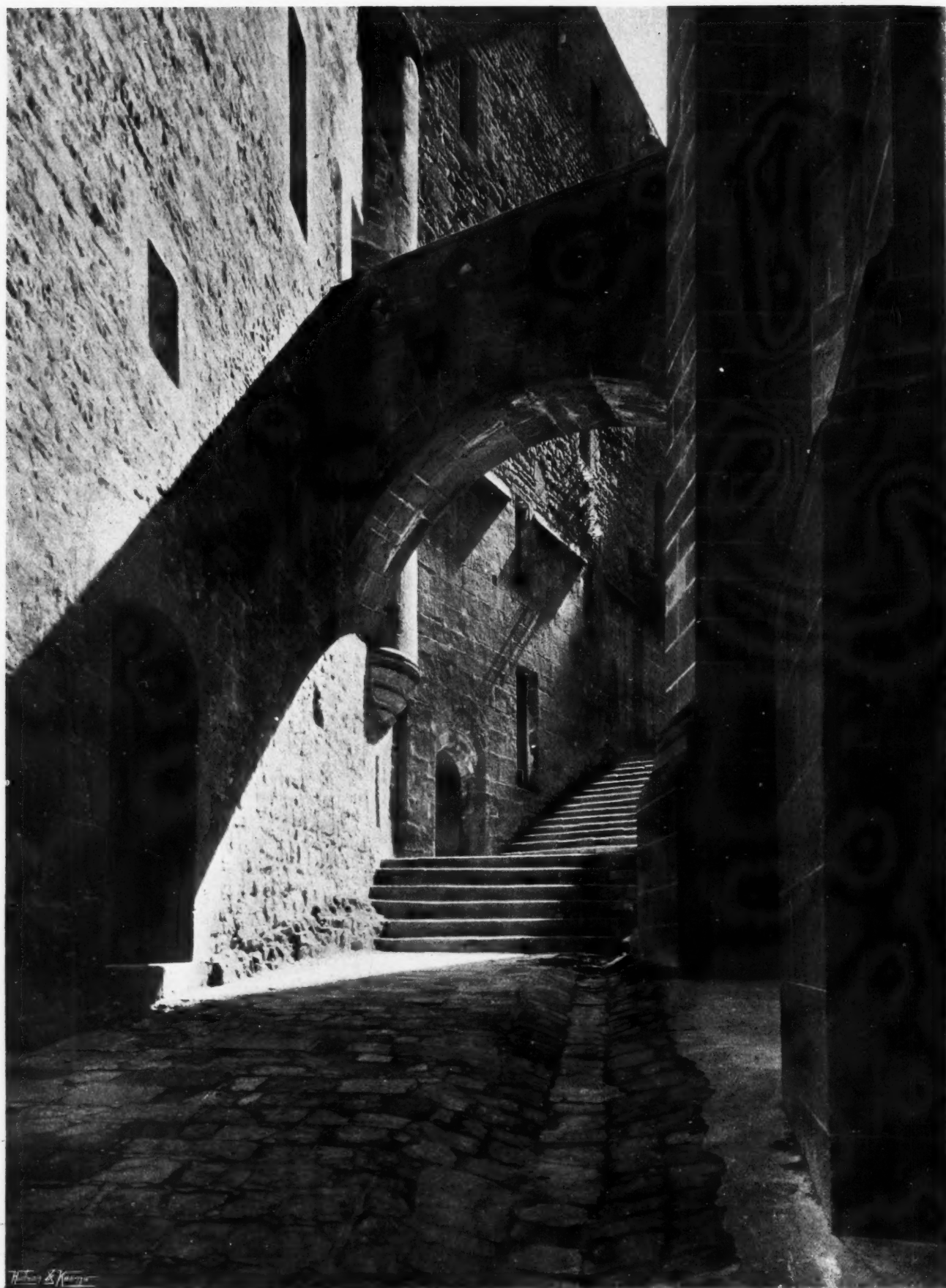
Love beauty, love the truth: be brave,  
Let nothing common win you.  
Scorn idle customs which enslave,  
Live by the law within you.

## THE FAUN

If I laugh at a funeral and cry at a wedding,  
Or catch up the gold that the poplar is shedding  
To put in my purse—  
Don't think any worse  
Of me . . .  
I was a faun in Sicily.  
If I mope when you are glad,  
If I dance when you are sad,  
If I leave you in the lurch  
When I say I'll go to church  
With you,  
Oh do  
Bear with me,  
I was a faun in Sicily . . .  
And if I never come to sense  
Or sit at home and count my pence,  
If I clamour for the moon  
Importunate . . . inopportune . . .  
Touch my wild hair with your hand,  
And understand . . .

G. JAMES.





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## THE THREATENED ABBEY OF MONT SAINT-MICHEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A landslide causing gaps from 20ft. to 25ft. long in the main street has taken place in the island of Mont Saint-Michel. Instances have occurred before this of landslides in old French cities caused by the collapse of vaults beneath the houses. The damage is only too apt to extend in such cases, the falling in of one vault throwing an added strain on the walling of the next, and fears are entertained that the vaults beneath the beautiful old abbey crowning the rock may be affected. Engineers are now engaged in surveying the foundations. Our illustration shows the fortified bridge at the entrance of the abbey.

## THE CASE FOR DIALECT

WE are very glad to receive the first volume of the "Somerset Folk Series."\* It is devoted to selected poems in Somerset dialect and is due to the exertions of the Somerset folk in London. The Society, which has existed for twenty years, was organised for the purpose of keeping Somerset people in touch with one another and of fostering a fuller knowledge of county art and literature. The book opens with a characteristic essay by an old and famous contributor to COUNTRY LIFE—Walter Raymond—who, in his humorous way, shows how a dialect has been allowed to die out. The first step on the down grade came from general education. Half a century ago many a villager when asked to sign a receipt had to confess, "I baint noo scholar." As long as that was the case the villager might be depended upon to preserve the dialect of his native county; but school came and undermined it. The railways were another feature in destroying the stay-at-home habits of the villager. The railways were not content to carry him from his little station to the market town, but they also started "days by the sea." That was a terrible nail in the coffin of dialect. There are some people who will say, "A good thing too! Lives are enlarged and minds freshened and stimulated much more by going about in the world than by staying in the village." That, however, is beside the mark. There is no intention or desire on any one's part to put back the clock. What is signified by the folk movement is that much has been torn away from life and literature that was worth preserving. The value of dialect lies mainly in its being a familiar means of communication between mind and mind. It is to the nation what the lisps of the baby are to the grown-up man or woman. Because older people love the little language that came into being when their children could scarcely toddle, it does not follow that they would have them all speak in that way, although they regret it when the little language is discarded for more ordinary English. It had a beauty and quaintness and intimacy which are very apt to fade away before the advance and spread of education.

If one might hazard a guess, it would be that divagation in speech probably arose from the habit of imitation when education had scarcely come into being. One man, either because he was more influential than the others or because he could speak better, would be imitated. In those English counties which are most distant from the capital it is often discovered that there is a shade of difference between the dialect of one little parish and its equally small neighbour. On phonetically spelt tombstones, too, one can see that the vowels used in many cases have a very different value according to age and geographical position. That, however, refers to the technique of language, rather than its literary value. Its value in literature is that, its words and verses being always homely and intimate, it is more suitable than formal English for expressing ideas in the most easily understood, least pretentious and yet often the most pictorial phrases. To use it properly in literature, however, one must be a native. Many an illustration could be given to show this. Barnes, the Dorset poet, was a clergyman who loved his native dialect indeed, but only with a scholar's love, and we feel that many of his beautiful dialect poems would be equally beautiful if divested of their homespun and arrayed in the good English of which he was a master also. Robert Burns, on the contrary, was a ploughman who spoke his Scottish tongue to his father, mother and other relatives. He did not know any other language in school and it therefore came as natural to him as the thrush's song is natural to the thrush. It was only in English that he showed a little of that awkwardness which a man feels when clothed in evening dress to which he has not been accustomed. Charles Murray to this day uses his broad Aberdeenshire in ordinary language. Mrs. Violet Jacob, who can write poetry in so many moods, uses the tongue of her native Forfarshire because it was the only tongue spoken by herself and her sisters in their youth. It is her mother tongue.

We mention this because, if there is a fault to find with the selection before us, it is that the writers are mostly professional writers. The first of the series is probably the best piece of dialect in the volume. "The Harnet an' the Bittle" is popular in the county, but out of it is not so well known. We quote it for the benefit of those who have not come up from Somerset:

A Harnet zot in a holler tree,  
A proper spiteful twoad was he,  
And he merrily zung while he did zet  
His sting as sharp as a bagonet;  
"Oh, who so bold and fierce as I?  
I fears not bee, nar wopse, nar vly."

A Bittle up thic tree did clim,  
And scornfully did luk at him,  
Zays he, "Zur Harnet, who gied thee  
A right to sit in thic there tree?  
Although thou zings zo nation fine,  
I tell thee 'tis a house of mine."

The Harnet's conscience velt a twinge,  
But growin' boold wi' his long stinge,  
Zays he, "Possession's the best laa,  
Zo here thee shatn't put a claa;  
Be off and leave the tree to me,  
The mixen's good enough vor thee."

Just then a Gookoo passin' by,  
Was axed by them their cause to try,  
"Ha! ha! 'tis very plain," says he,  
"They'll make a vamous munch for me."  
His bill was sharp, his stummack lear,  
Zoo up a' snapped the caddlin' pear.

### MORAL.

All you as be to laa inclined,  
This little story bear in mind,  
Vor if to laa you ever goo,  
You'll find they'll always zarve 'e zoo;  
You'll meet the feat o' these here too,  
They'll take your cwoat and carcass too.

Another of the many good pieces in the volume is "In Richardson's Days." Without too prodigal a use of dialect it reproduces the old village atmosphere in a way to make one long for those days to come back:

There wurden no caddle to zweep up the floor,  
Nar to open on weekdays the winders or door,  
There warn't nothing to spoil so we left she alone,  
And the rain on the roof a' most dripped through the stone.  
But then we were careful to whitewash the walls,  
And did put a red pan for to catch the rain-falls;  
The varmers did study the rates in all ways,  
For we buttoned our pockets in Richardson's days.

It is astonishing that the Editors of this publication should have been able to obtain such a good selection for the first volume, as dialect verse is by no means well written in our day, and the masters of it in other parts of the country are few and far between. No doubt, however, in the near future the Editors will be able to give a volume of prose selections. Perhaps the better way to present the dialect would be the more informal. In other words, some of the legends, games, anecdotes and good stories current in the vernacular might be given just as they may be heard to-day. Mr. Raymond has included in his charming essay several examples of the kind of thing we mean.

\*Selected Poems in Somerset Dialect. (The Somerset Folk Press.)

A Christmas Mystery, by W. J. Locke. Illustrated by W. W. London. (Lane, 6s.)

WE expect tenderness of Mr. Locke and that a due value will be set by him upon things of the heart as distinct from things of the head. So it is not surprising that *A Christmas Mystery*, which is also called "The Story of the Three Wise Men," is, very perfectly, all that a Christmas Mystery ought to be. It is very short, very simple, and in no wise over-emotional. The three wise men—Lord Doyme, the great Administrator; Sir Angus McCurdie, the eminent physicist; and Professor Biggleswade, the Assyriologist—meet at the bookstall at Paddington on Christmas Eve. They are all travelling to the same Cornish country house, and travel they do, jarring upon each other, hard, impatient of their kind, men who have paid down their humanity for fame. But this Christmas Night they are to be born anew, plunged into the realities of life, compelled to face the sordid, pitiful facts of our being and to see them made unimportant by the beauty of that which emerges from them. It would not be fair to Mr. Locke's readers to give any more of the story than this; but it may be said that this very slender booklet is Mr. Locke at his best, a tiny jewel bright with the light which is all the meaning and message of Christmas.

Romance to the Rescue, by Denis Mackail. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

WRITERS who have a sense of humour are not so rare, but of writers who can create a comic situation, see all its possibilities and share the joke with their readers we have not too many—indeed, it is difficult to imagine how many that would have to be. I am not suggesting that Mr. Denis Mackail is the perfect humorist or the perfect novelist either, for the matter of that, but I am quite sure that he has the root of the matter in him, and as *Romance to the Rescue* improves on his first novel there is every prospect of his next being better still. His story is of a very charming Mrs. Cartwright, whose husband (from whom she is separated) has won fame if not fortune as the *beau ideal* of the West End actor-manager. The wife writes a play, and her agents, unaware of the relationship, send it to the husband, who, of course, is violently taken with it. Mrs. Cartwright's efforts to get back the play and keep her identity a secret are the funniest part of what is without a doubt one of the best light novels of the year.

The Holidays: A Book of Gay Stories. Translated from the French of Henri Duvernois. ("Les Fleurs de France," Philpot, 6s.)

AS might be expected, since its contents are selected from the work of only one author while for the previous volume Miss Alys Macklin had skimmed the cream of twenty-nine, this the third of the series,



does not quite reach the level of its immediate predecessor, but the fact that humour is not very often also literature is remarkably little in evidence.

### BOOKS WORTH READING.

#### TRAVEL.

*Greenland by the Polar Sea*, by Knud Rasmussen. (Heinemann, 36s.)  
*Mount Eryx and Other Diversions of Travel*, by Henry Festing Jones. (Cape, 12s. 6d.)

#### FICTION.

*Elinor Colhouse*, by Stephen Hudson. (Martin Secker, 5s.)  
*Humbug*, by E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Pirates*, with a Foreword and Sundry Decorations by C. Lovat Fraser. (Cape, 6s.)  
*Restoration Comedies: The Parson's Wedding, The London Cuckolds, and Sir Courtly Wise, or It Cannot Be.* With an Introduction and Notes by Montague Summers. (Cape, 15s.)  
*The Pageant of Venice*, by Edward Hutton and Frank Brangwyn. (The Bodley Head, 42s.)  
*The Second Person Singular*, by Alice Meynell. (Milford, 6s.)  
*Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age*, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. (Batsford, 5s.)  
*The Haunts of Life*, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. (Melrose, 9s.)

## THE ALSATIAN WOLF-DOG.—II

BY MAJOR C. E. W. BEDDOES.

IN my first article I told briefly the chief points of the Alsatian wolf-dog and gave some account of the tests which he must undergo before he is called "police trained." I merely touched in passing on him as a sheep-dog and a sporting dog and will now say a little more on this subject. The Schaferhund puppy grows up in the farm-yard, where, save for the children who play with him, perhaps, nobody at first pays much attention to him. He is very likely kicked whenever he gets in the way, and so soon learns one of the golden rules of his life, namely, to get out of the way of everyone he knows and to bite everyone that he doesn't know. His first apprenticeship is served in guarding the stable and the poultry yard. When he is six months old this comparatively lazy existence ceases, and the shepherd takes him out on a chain to begin his training.

For several months he is kept on the lead, to which he soon grows accustomed, accompanies the shepherd wherever he goes, and watches the older dogs at work. Their example and his own hereditary instincts do the rest. He has little more in the way of definite education. When he has been allowed off the lead a few times he soon comes to do the work as well as his elders.

And with what remarkable cleverness he does it! The dog seems to be doing everything and the shepherd nothing. With every now and then a bark, he never rests from running up and down the narrow strip between the flock and the cultivated



MAJOR BEDDOES' FLOTT ONOLDIA (SIX MONTHS OLD).



HE HAS A SENSE OF HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITIES.

fields adjoining, as in Germany there are no walls or hedges. Across that border no sheep may pass: none may run in front and none lag behind. Almost before the shepherd's call reaches him, he seems to have done what he is told. In spring, summer and autumn he is at work all day from early morning till late evening, and both morning and evening he walks with the shepherd, generally a long way, from his house to the flock. At night he sleeps under the shepherd's cart, exposed to all sorts of weather. Only in the winter months does he have some rest, and this is sometimes broken by a summons to a wild boar hunt.

The wolf-dog's powers of scent are remarkable, and here I will quote a pleasant little piece of description from a German article which describes them very well. "I was lying in wait for a very shy buck,"

says the author, "just about dawn, upon the slope of a mountain peak. Before me stretched an undulating tableland

broken here and there by ravines and gullies. Upon the fallow land enclosed by hurdles grazed a flock of sheep. Some fox cubs were playing in front of the entrance to their burrow in the limestone rocks, and some distance away could be heard the hoarse barking of the vixen. The sheep began to grow restless, crowded against the hurdles and at last broke down one of the walls of their pen. They immediately ran off in all directions and soon not a single sheep was in sight. A little while



afterwards the shepherd arrived with two dogs. I was curious to see how he would take the mishap. When he saw what had happened he calmly set up the hurdles and shouted to the dogs, who dashed off as hard as they could go. Then he sat down on his barrow and began to eat his breakfast. Soon the loud barking of the dogs was heard and sheep began to arrive from every quarter. Here and there in the distance one could see the dogs rounding up the fugitives, and before a quarter of an hour had passed the whole flock was safely back in the pen."

I said before that the wolf-dog is fond of badger-hunting. It is on moonlight nights in October that the "old grey hermit" makes his longest expeditions in search of all kinds of food, worms and fallen fruit. He gets very fat from his large meals and badger fat is regarded in Germany as being good for all sorts of ailments, almost a panacea for the ills of both man and beast. His skin, too, fetches a couple of shillings or so, and his flesh is a delicacy to the connoisseur who knows the right way to cook it. Now, the shepherd is a connoisseur, and so, night after night, as long as there is a moon, he is out after the badger with his dogs. He himself is armed with a two-pronged fork to cut off the badger's retreat, while the dogs pursue the scent. There is generally a fierce struggle, for the badger is a sturdy fighter and is clever enough only to offer to the dogs' teeth that invulnerable part of him which is covered with rolls of fat and thick skin. Of course, however, he is no match for them at the last, and the two-pronged fork soon finishes him. The shepherd is not a sentimentalist and probably agrees with Dandy Dinmont—"Lord save us, to care about a brock!"

Sometimes the shepherd indulges in other forms of "sport" and his dog shares them. I will quote again: "In the stubble there is sometimes to be seen a little grey heap of earth and the shepherd knows that behind this a hare is in hiding, quietly waiting until both dog and flock are past. He strikes a quick blow at the hare with his crook; the hare seeks safety in flight, but is immediately seized by the dog, who brings him proudly to his master. The shepherd then hides his prize somewhere till he can take it home in the evening. Sometimes, too, the shepherd allows the flock to stray at the spot where he knows that the hare is hiding. There is a shout to the dog. He circles round the flock and drives the sheep into a bunch round the unfortunate hare who, knocked down and trampled upon, is easily and speedily caught by the dog."

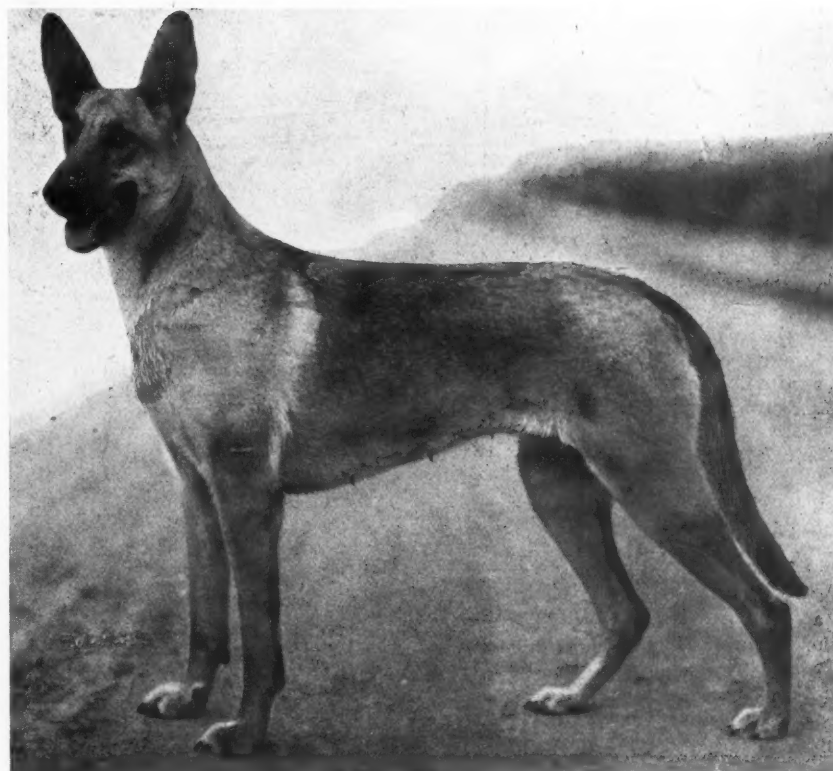
It is not to be wondered at that with such a bringing up the wolf-dog which has no master often becomes an incorrigible poacher. Very often he has a companion and the two hunt in couples. "I once knew," says my German author, "a pair of black and brown Schäfer dogs from the same litter, who, although living on different farms miles apart, would meet every day and hunt together. They were terrible thieves who, having once sighted deer or hare, scarcely ever failed to bring the unfortunate animal down. They hunted exactly like wolves. One would follow the scent and the other would lie in wait and try to force the prey into the marsh, where it would be hopelessly lost. At the same time

they were as secret and as shy as wolves. No keeper got a chance of shooting them. They could not be induced to enter a trap nor to take poison. They hunted together for years over wide areas of game land, but their ultimate fate I do not know."

On the whole, however, the wolf-dog does not instinctively go hunting on his own account. It is only when he is kept



WAITING FOR ORDERS.



ON THE QUI VIVE.

in a yard with nothing to do that he becomes restless and develops an uncontrollable passion for poaching. Generally speaking he has too much real hard work of his own to do and too great a sense of his own responsibilities, and, moreover, he is really too fond of his own home to be tempted abroad.



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1.—FROM THE WATER MEADOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## ETON COLLEGE.—II

**I**F on a summer afternoon you have ever rowed up the stream that leads to Romney Weir you know that Eton Chapel is essentially of the river. Out of a water meadow it rises, somehow embodying in stone the familiar graces of the river bank. It springs like a great bed of silver rushes, yet follows in its lines the poplars that grow beside it, while in colour it is as the foliage of willow trees ruffled by the breeze. The Greeks, who peopled their landscapes with gods, and whose woods were full of nymphs, built temples in such surroundings of an airiness appropriate. Though in a different style, we have here the same inspiration of height and lightness—the very grace of a dryad; yet, withal, of no other divinity but her of this river; for it is the epitome in limestone of the quiet beauty of the Thames, of its union of grandeur with intimacy and of mere prettiness with simplicity. That is the chief merit of the Thames, it never, so to say, tries to be impressive, there is nothing "romantic" about it; yet, we know, when we see it placidly winding its course through fields full of buttercups and cows, that it is our Thames, the greatest river in these islands. Both are so simple that we think we can take in their beauties at a glance; but, like most simple things, the Chapel grows on us, till we discover that what we took to be simplicity is supreme art, and that it is less a chance effect than the happy outcome of unsuccessful experiment.

That the founder felt all this, and much more, it is pleasant to think; indeed, it is difficult to think otherwise. He might so easily have built Eton Chapel like King's College Chapel and made it a conscious beauty, a masterpiece of intricate workmanship. But, if he had, it would have been an error in what we call taste, for were Eton Chapel so ornate and rich as King's, it would start out of its landscape

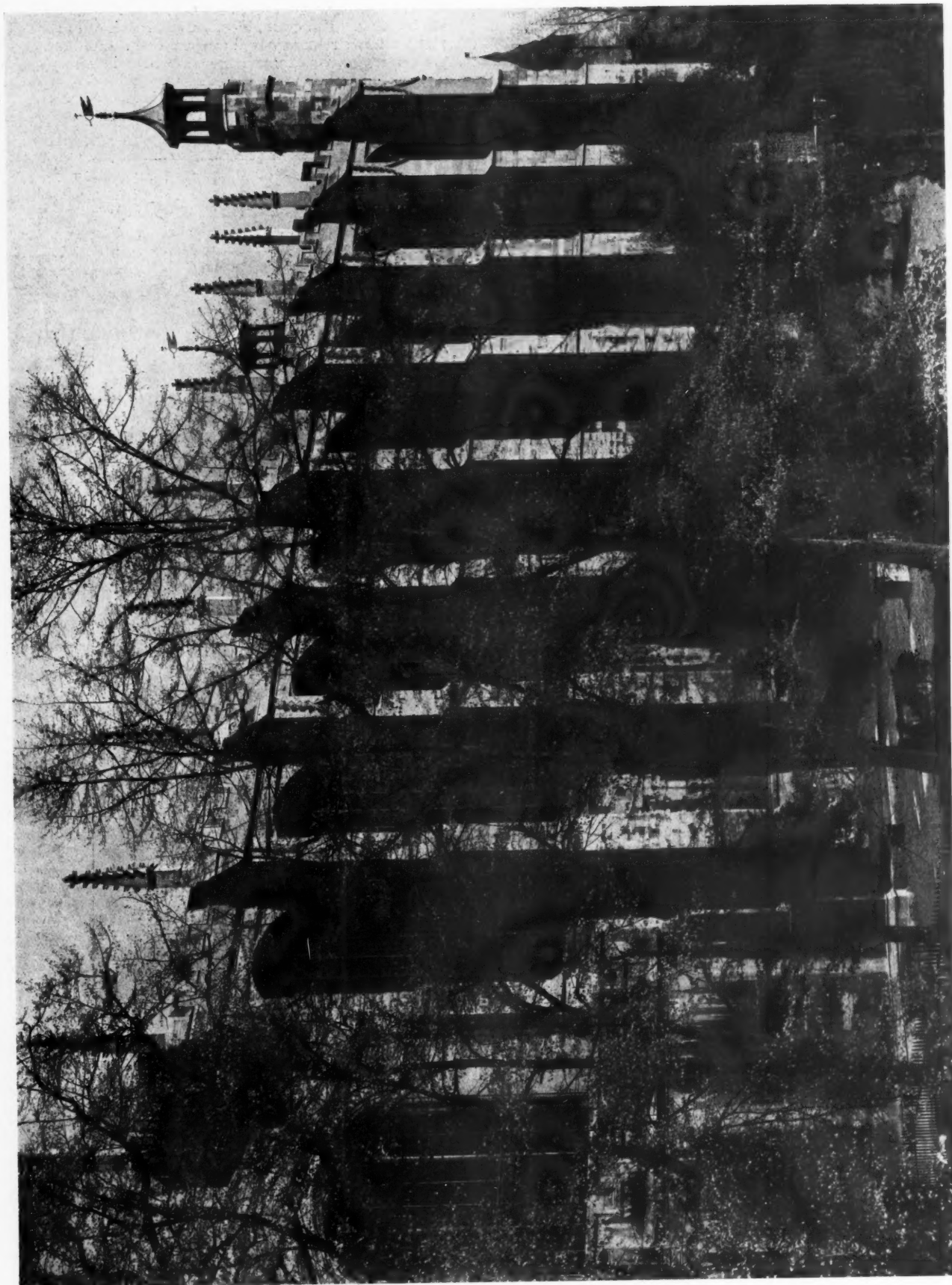
so that we could look at nothing else, but only gaze and admire. Eton, on the contrary, is part of its surroundings, it grows out of the fertile plain; and, though we are always conscious of its existence, we can also appreciate the things about it—the river, the trees, the clouds and the way the sun glints



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2.—THE NORTH DOOR, WITH THE ORIGINAL FIVES' COURT.

"C.L."



3.—FROM THE OLD CHRISTOPHER.  
Chapel seen through an autumn fligree of golden leaves.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."



on its weathercocks. In fact, it is part of the picture, not a picture by itself.

King Henry must have felt this, for it is important to remember that he could always see Eton from the terrace before his castle. He must, therefore, have wished to build a church he could live with, not one that he would have to live up to, for your vivid and arresting building, like a vivid and arresting personality, comes in the end to be sheer weariness. This, it seems, was the reason why he rejected the magnificent but restless detail of King's College Chapel, and made Eton so simple. Yet Eton is never "plain," or uninteresting, for Henry, while discarding ornament, attained richness and variety

susceptibilities, it was not harmonious. Therefore, though he could not say what exactly was wrong, with a superb gesture, for which the greatness of his father for a moment animated him, he rubbed the whole thing out and began afresh.

The explanation of this drastic step, to be properly understood, must needs be a little lengthy, involving an account of the building. The cause, however, seems briefly to have been that the first structure was ill proportioned and did not convey the impression which seems to have been in Henry's mind. Let us see how this works out in detail.

On July 3rd, 1441, the foundation stone of the Church of the Assumption of Our Lady of Eton was laid



4.—WAYNFLETE'S NORTH DOOR, WITH THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STAIRS TO UPPER SCHOOL AND ANTECHAPEL.

of effect by the far simpler expedient of blending together two different kinds of stone. It may be denied by some that Henry, consciously, was striving to get an effect, to score some harmonious chord that filled his mind; but, surely, such a denial is countered by the fact that in 1448 he had his first experiment demolished and began over again. Everybody has insisted that this effect was mere size, the chord simply a buzzing in the head, owing to the fact that his final design was larger than the others. No one has suggested that it was harmony at which he was aiming. The first choir, begun in 1441, was probably like King's Chapel; but when it was finished he saw there was something wrong; it somehow irritated his

by Henry himself amid much ceremony. In his charter he describes the sentiments that led him to found the College, and on this eventful day his heart must have been full of them. He says:

We have from the very beginning of our riper age [he was only twenty then] carefully turned over in our mind how, according to the measure of our devotion and the example of our ancestors, we could do most fitting honour to our mistress and most holy mother the Church, to the pleasure of her great Spouse. And at length, while we were inwardly pondering these things, it hath become a fixed purpose in our heart to found a College in honour and support of that our mother, who is so great and so holy, in the parochial church of Eton beside Windsor, not far from our birthplace.

This last sentence reminds us that for many years before the completion of the new church the old church of Eton served the requirements of the College. It seems to have stood in what is now the graveyard, the foundations of the new edifice being dug just north of it. Beautified for its accession to fame by many gifts, the old parish church found itself also endowed with wide lands, many of the territories of alien priories being transferred to the new corporation, chief among them the lands of the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, the former home of the schoolmen and the cloister of Lanfranc and Anselm. Such places as Tooting-bec, Weedon-bec and Beckford were given to Eton. Henry, moreover, determined to make the name of Eton famous through the land, so he obtained from Pope Eugenius IV a bull by which all penitents who visited the collegiate church at the Feast of the Assumption were granted indulgences equal to those which could be obtained at the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula at Rome. The bull, with many others, is preserved in the college library. We have no definite description of this first attempt at the new church until the signature of the document known as the *Will* in 1448. In it we behold a less exalted aspect of the founder's ideals—the surpassing, no matter by how small a margin, of Wykeham's

1448 this was procured from the clerk of the works at Syon, where Henry V's foundation of Brigittines was slowly building a house. In the latter year, however, Sir John Langton granted the King a section of the quarry *in situ*, when the stone was shipped from Cawood on the Ouse round to London and thence up the Thames on barges. In 1448, too, another stone was procured from Teynton in Oxfordshire, a dark, shelly oolite which they put on barges at Culham. In the upper courses of the first chapel these two materials seem to have been mixed, with an effect so happy that the King was pleased and ordered a similar arrangement in the *Aysey*. The solid "enhancement" of the floor of the choir to a height of 13ft. to avoid floods probably consisted of flints from Marlow, Kentish rag, chalk, and rag from the Savoy Palace, John of Gaunt's ancient residence, then being demolished.

This first structure seems in 1448 to have neared completion. The building accounts deal in the spring of that year with timber for the roof—a wooden roof—and for the stalls, for the polishing of which a piece of shagreen called "hound-fisschskyn" was procured. The King, however, as we said, had some radical dislike of the structure. At first he thought it was too high, he therefore added 15ft. to the length and ft



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5.—FROM THE ROOF OF LONG CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

till then unrivalled foundation at New College. The choir (the only part which in either attempt was ever begun) measured 103ft. long, 32ft. broad, and 80ft. high to the crest of the battlements; "And so the said quere is longer than the quere of Winchester College, Oxenford, by iij feet, brodder by ij ft.; the walls higher by xx ft. and the pinnacles longer by x ft." The result of this petty emulation was strange, for Henry seems to have forgotten that New College Chapel is not a detached building, but half of a range of buildings, the other end of which is occupied by the hall. Eton Chapel, therefore, was short for its height and high for its breadth, being nearly as high as it was long, and more than twice as high as it was broad, even allowing for the 13ft. of solid masonry beneath the floor. The nave was to have been of the same breadth and height and length as the choir (104ft.), but with aisles 15ft. broad. Had this ever been built, it would just have reached to the present roadway, and would naturally have made the choir look less ill proportioned. The King, however, had some rooted objection to the design. It cannot have been in the construction, which, broadly, was similar to that of the present chapel. The lower courses appear to have been built of Caen stone, but when the supply for some reason ceased in 1445 a substitute was obtained in the shape of the magnesian limestone of Huddestone in Yorkshire. Until

to the breadth. Even these small alterations of the dimensions involved an entire demolition, which, soon after midsummer, 1448, was begun. But before this slightly enlarged design could be put into execution the King for a third time altered his plans, determining to abandon whatever model he had had in mind and to turn to cathedrals for inspiration. He, therefore, sent Roger Keys, the master of the works and also warden of the new All Souls' College at Oxford, to measure the choirs and naves of Winchester and Salisbury, while it seems that he knew those of Lincoln.

The result was his third and last plan—the *Aysey* in which the present choir and the rough dimensions of the nave are described. As it was never built we may first deal with the nave, which would have been 168ft. long and have stretched some way into the present Keate's Lane, necessitating the turning of the highway. The choir, now 150ft. long and 40ft. broad, remained 80ft. high externally, and thus assumed a completely satisfying appearance by itself, even without its nave. Architecturally speaking, this is because it is, roughly, two double cubes in length and two cubes in height, or, more simply, taking the breadth of 40ft. as the side of one cube, it is nearly four cubes long and exactly two cubes high. Externally, the chapel exactly followed the directions of the *Aysey* both in

height and the distribution of stone. The three lowest courses visible above the ground are of the dark Teynton stone—first brought to Eton in 1448—an additional proof that the first building was completely demolished; up to the sills of the windows and the first stage of the buttresses Hudlestone stone only is used; in the second stage of the buttresses this is mixed with Teynton stone again—which shows brown against the white limestone; the drip moulds over the windows are Teynton stone unmixed, and the battlements are Hudlestone stone. The chief feature of the exterior is the magnificent line of buttresses, which, however, project no more than 10ft. at their bases, as against 17ft. at King's. That they were intended to

correspondence in height of the existing building with the directions in the *Aysey*. Whether Henry intended a stone roof or no, the effect of the narrow buttresses rising almost without a break to the string-course, and throwing the space between them into deep shadow, is extremely beautiful. It is this very lack of space between their summits and the roof that gives the impression of airiness and lightness which we have noticed. Like gigantic water rushes they spring from the ground, apparently so strong, but bearing nothing save a feathery cresting of pinnacles and battlements. Yet there is no effort, no massiveness; each buttress seems drawn up to the sky like a poplar tree, more delicate as it rises till it tapers to a point, here



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6.—LUPTON'S CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

His rebus is on the spandrels of the door, his arms upon the pendant boss in the ceiling.

bear the weight of a stone vaulted roof is generally accepted, but Messrs. Willis and Clark, in their excellent chapters on Eton, have very forcibly discouraged this supposition. Not only are the buttresses half as massive as at King's, but there is no room for a fan-vaulted roof in the space between the tops of the windows and the string-course; at King's this space is considerably greater. We know, too, that the first structure had a wooden roof, from the entries in the building accounts. Those, moreover, who would have it that the founder intended the string-course to be higher above the windows than it is, but never lived to fulfil his intention, are confronted with the exact

represented by the crocketed gablets. This, surely, was the effect that King Henry was trying to convey.

After 1450 Henry's political troubles began, and the new choir, lacking his personal supervision, grew but slowly. In 1453 the King was first stricken with madness. The work proceeded, however, under the supervision of Waynflete, a former provost, but now Bishop of Winchester, who from this time onward, though hampered with his own foundation of Magdalen, stands out as Eton's second Founder. In 1458 we find an entry for iron fittings for the east window which suggests its completion. Both from within and without there

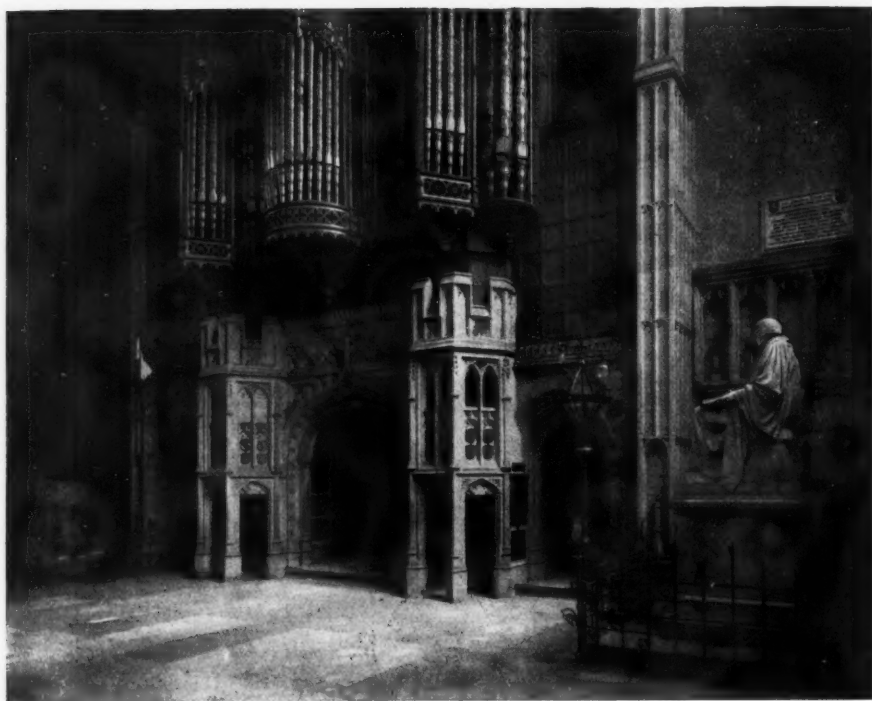




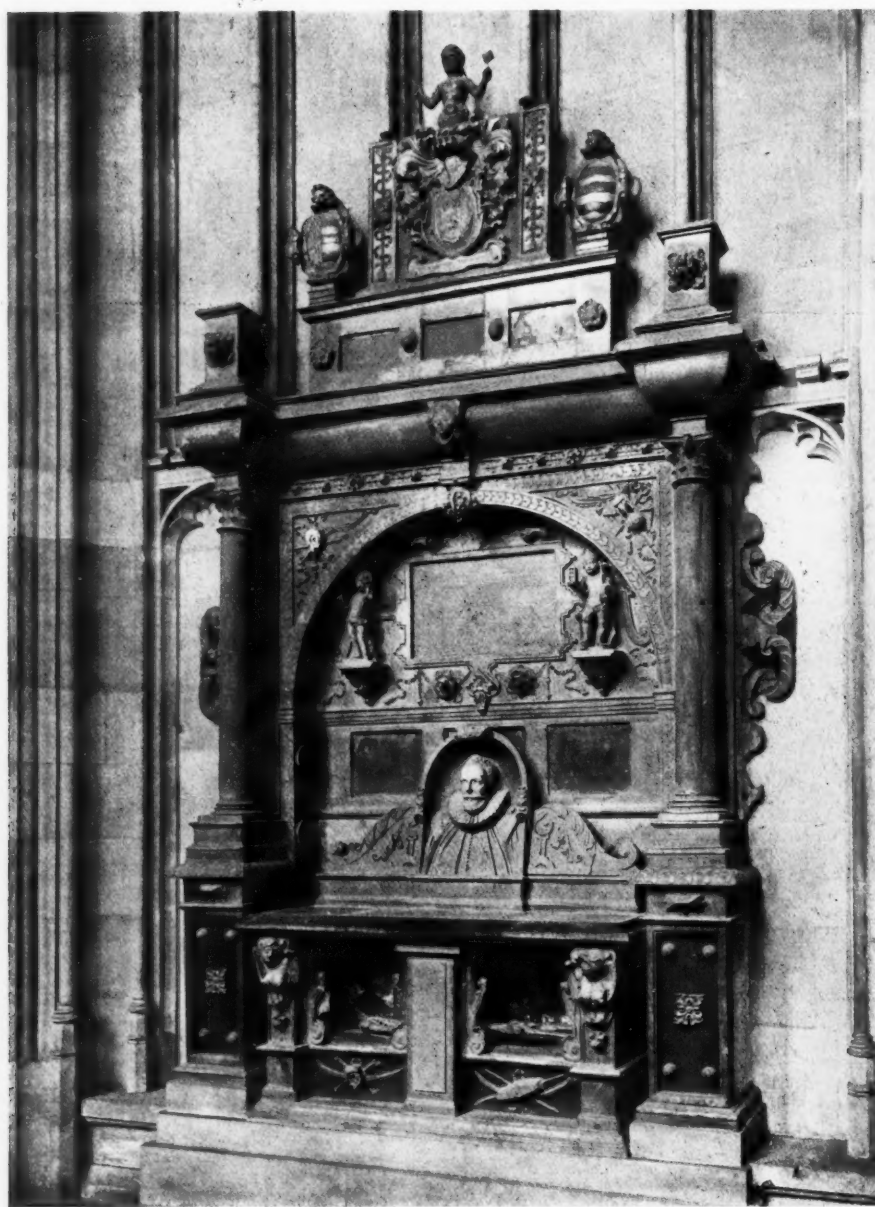
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7.—THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



8.—ANTECHAPEL WITH THE MODERN ORGAN SCREEN AND PROVOST GOODALL'S STATUE.



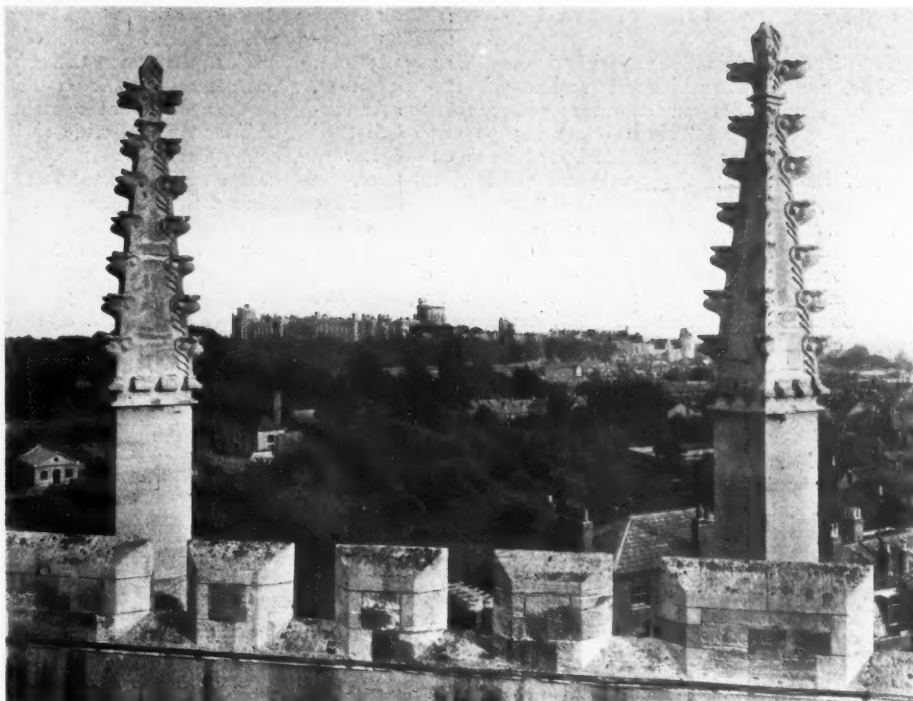
9.—PROVOST MURRAY'S TOMB (1624) AT THE EAST END OF CHAPEL.

is a curious feature to be seen in the arch mouldings of this east window, which indicates the difficulty under which Waynflete had to work. The moulding runs in a flatter curve than the top of the window itself, suggesting that stones shaped for the earlier, narrower east window had to be used to eke out the material to hand. In 1475 the other windows seem to have been ready for the glazier, who was sent from Winchester; and in 1479 we hear of the antechapel being begun. The commencement of the antechapel marks the definite abandonment by Waynflete of any idea of carrying out Henry's plans for a nave. It would seem, however, that a very slight attempt had been made to begin the nave, for in the south-west corner of the School Yard it will be seen that the plinth mouldings of the chapel wall, built of Hudlestone stone, have been carried northwards for some 15 ft. along the wall that now contains the stairs to the north door of the antechapel, as though it were the east end of one of the aisles. That this was Henry's work seems probable from the use of Hudlestone stone, for which Waynflete substituted Headington stone from the quarries near Oxford, of which he was also building Magdalen College. During the previous decade, moreover, all the remains of Henry's stock of Hudlestone stone seem to have been used up in the four north-western buttresses, which are entirely of that material. By 1482, however, the antechapel was completed with Headington stone (now faced with Bath stone) on the lines of the antechapel erected at Magdalen, which itself was copied from that at New College. To conceal its shortcomings in the matter of size the great chancel arch with which the choir had been finished, with a possibly temporary window above it, was blocked up and reduced to its present somewhat ungainly proportions. Thus ended Henry's attempt at building a church among churches that would have surpassed in dignity even the cathedral of Salisbury. As he conceived it, from the west door to the east window would have been one vast rhythmical vista over 300 ft. long. The nave and aisles would together have been surpassed in breadth only by those of York Minster. The high altar would have possibly been abreast of the north door, as we find references to a proposed lady chapel beyond it. This would explain the difference of internal treatment, for the western moulded shafts between the windows are not, like the eastern ones, carried down to the floor, but rest on small moulded corbels on an offset below the window sills, formed by a thickening of the walls. This was partly, no doubt, to accommodate the stalls of the choir; but, as the nave was never built, so the high altar never left the east end, where, to this day, it stands above the stone that Henry laid in 1441. The interest of this flat wall space in the western half of

the chapel lies in the frescoes that formerly adorned it, painted between 1479 and 1488 by a certain William Baker. "In a double row they seem to have illustrated the *Legenda Sanctorum* and Vincent of Beauvais' *Speculum Historiale*, the whole series intending to exemplify the gracious protection afforded by the Blessed Virgin to her votaries" (Lyte). In 1560, however, the college barber was paid to whitewash them over, and in 1700 they were further concealed by the tall wainscoting that clothed the walls until 1847, when its removal resulted in their rediscovery. In a fragmentary condition they remain behind the present stalls, erected at that date, and cannot be got at, for Provost Hodgson refused even Prince Albert's entreaties to allow some system of sliding panels to be erected.

Of the three entrances to the chapel, the west door, of which the stairs were built in 1624, and the north-west door both lead into the ante-chapel. The latter entrance is seen in Fig. 4 and gives on to the late Jacobean staircase built in 1694 to communicate with Upper School. The north entrance proper is contemporary with the 1449 rebuilding, and on the platform whence the steps mount to the door was the original fives court. The game of fives is first mentioned in a play *temp.* Charles I, and until 1848 was played on this very spot, the two spaces between the neighbouring buttresses affording room for a similar game for two players, known as "shirking walls" (Goodall to Metcalfe, 1816).

Immediately east of the north door lies a chapel, now to be adorned as a War Memorial Chapel, and to the east of that again Lupton's Chapel, built by 1515. This latter is divided from the choir by a richly carved screen, which in the spandrels of the door contains Lupton's rebus—"R" and "Lup" on a tun. In the panels immediately above it occurs the Tudor rose. The elaborate fan vaulted ceiling centres round a pendant boss bearing Lupton's arms with the three Eton lilies on a sable chevron. In the easternmost bay of the choir is the characteristic monument of Provost Murray, who succeeded Sir Henry Savile in 1622 and died 1624 (Fig. 9). In this picture can be seen the beautiful treatment of the east end of the chapel—narrow stone panels with cinquefoil heads, the wall space behind the altar being treated in a similar fashion. The decoration, however, depends principally on the windows, as, with the revival of design in stained glass, was becoming more and more the custom during the later



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10.—WINDSOR AND ETON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



11.—PINNACLES AND BATTLEMENTS. LUPTON'S TOWER BELOW THEM.



Perpendicular, or rectilinear, period of architecture. It can, therefore, never be sufficiently deplored that no fragment of the original glass survives. The great east window, until the puritanical regime of Provost Rous, was taken up with an enormous picture of the Annunciation, the "lily pot" alone occupying 32 square feet of glass. The existing glass in the body of the chapel is very poor, if inoffensive; the great east window, however, by Willement, was erected by terminal "taxes" between 1844 and 1849, and while it misses the gem-like appearance of old glass, yet makes an effective attempt to fill up the vast area. It was formerly of much brighter colours, being of the same tone as the side windows that flank it. At the time, however, of the South African Memorial Fund it was toned down and wooden crossbars set up within to give the impression of iron bars without—an experiment that has proved very successful. Behind the Italian high altar is a triptych of Morris tapestry, from designs by Sir E. Burne-Jones, the centre panel of which, a replica of the one at Exeter College, Oxford, represents the adoration of the Magi. Its rich, clear colours, in which blues and greens predominate, make an effective picture. Opposite Lupton's Chapel stands Watts' "Happy Warrior," a replica

of the picture now belonging to Lord Faringdon, though it was actually begun before what is now considered to be the original, the painter taking a dislike to the priming of the canvas, but returning to it on the completion of his second attempt. In the north entrance stands the remarkable lectern, presented before 1487, and made of latten; while resembling the fifteenth century brass lectern at Upwell, in Norfolk, as to its base and column, it is unusual in having a double revolving book-rest, pierced with the arms of the College.

The roof, which has been the subject of so much controversy, was renewed in the seventeenth century, and the meaningless cusps were added in 1847. Its dark colour, and the system of lighting by standard candelabra, makes the chapel seem very high and mysterious at night; and, a little dazzled by the lights below, you peer up into an endless darkness. The interior, however, though full of associations, as any college chapel must be, has been so much pulled about that it retains little power of historical suggestion. But see the chapel in the distance, or from the river, or from Schoolyard, and you can feel that you are poor unhappy King Henry, escaped from his wife and come to speak with his little friends at Eton.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## CHILDREN OF THE FAR EAST

WRITTEN BY F. WESTON AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. AND M. WESTON.

"Money without children cannot be reckoned riches; children without money cannot be considered poverty."—CHINESE PROVERB.

A CHINAMAN would thoroughly endorse the Psalmist's words in regard to children—"happy is the man that has his quiver full of them," for one of his chief duties in life is to multiply and replenish the earth. Not that he cares about the world and the peopling thereof, but the welfare of ancestors has to be safeguarded by means of sacrifices and worship—that of previous generations as well as his own when he departs to the land of ghosts. For this, of course, it is necessary to have descendants; so, to make quite sure that there shall be no failure in this respect, he has as big a family as possible to provide against such contingencies as plague and other visitations of gods and men. As the sage Mencius says, "Of the three offences against filial piety the greatest is to be childless."

The chief desire of the Chinese is to have boys, sons who can hand on the family name and who can carry out the rites necessary to satisfy the ghostly wants of the dead. Girls,

however, are not wanted, and are disposed of by marriage as soon as possible. Again to quote Mencius: "When a boy is born it is the desire of his parents that he may found a household, and from the time that a girl appears in the world, the main object of the parents is to see her married." In fact, girls have a poor time. A Chinese poet voices a woman's feelings:

How sad it is to be a woman!  
Nothing on earth is held so cheap.  
Boys stand leaning at the door  
Like gods fallen out of Heaven.  
Their hearts brave the Four Oceans,  
The wind and dust of a thousand miles.  
No one is glad when a girl is born:  
By her the family sets no store.  
When she grows up, she hides in her room  
Afraid to look a man in the face.

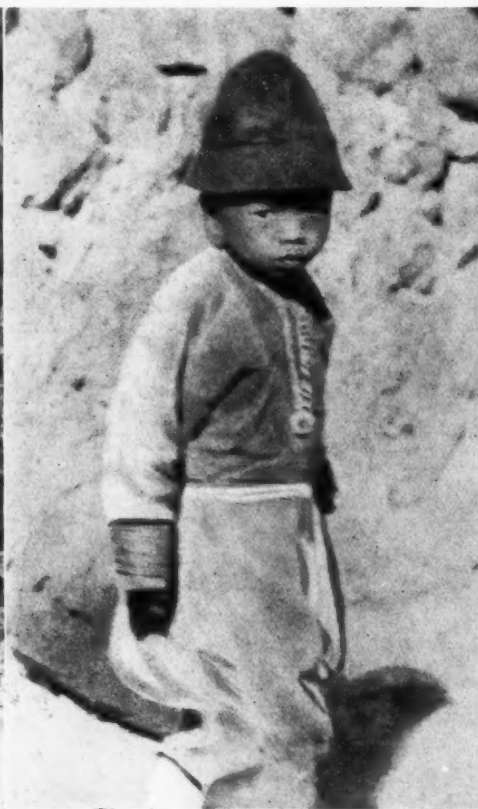
\* \* \* \* \*

She bows and kneels countless times.  
She must humble herself even to the servants.

This and the other two poems quoted are from Waley's "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems."



IN HER FATHER'S SANDALS (JAPAN).



A CHINESE VILLAGE BOY.



YOUNG JAPAN.



A JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL.



LITTLE BROTHER (CHINA).



GRANDFATHER (CHINA).

Among the poor her lot is still worse. Infanticide continues to be practised even in Hong Kong, especially among the water-folk, and it is the girls alone that are exposed or drowned. When they grow older they are often sold or kidnapped, and a week rarely passes without a case of this kind coming before the courts of Hong Kong.

Of course, the picture is not always a dark one, for human nature must sometimes breed affection, even for a girl, as we can see from the following extracts from the poems of the charming old writer Po Chü-i. The first is about his dead daughter, the second is addressed to his little niece:

## I

Ruined and ill—a man of two score;  
Pretty and guileless—a girl of three.  
Not a boy—but still better than  
nothing:

To soothe one's feeling—from time to  
time a kiss!

There came a day—they suddenly  
took her from me;  
Her soul's shadow wandered I know  
not where.

## II

To distant service my heart is well  
accustomed;

When I left home, it wasn't *that* which  
was difficult

But because I had to leave Miss Kuei  
at home—

For this it was that tears filled my  
eyes.

Little girls ought to be daintily fed:  
Mrs. Ts'ao, please see to this!

That's why I've packed and sent a  
silver spoon;

You will think of me and eat up your  
food nicely.

Chinese villages swarm with dogs, chickens, pigs and children, all equally dirty, and, so far as small boys are concerned, often equally in a state of nature. For a foreigner to pass through one of these villages is a signal which has vastly different effects, apart from the inevitable outcry among the wretched, half-starved dogs. If there are only a few houses, and the children are small, they may flee howling in terror at the dreadful sight. In larger villages the bigger children flock from all directions for a close view of the foreign devils. They are generally, but not always, very good tempered, and although they disperse precipitately if the camera is turned on them, they quickly congregate again as soon as the danger is over. Once, after passing through a village followed by about fifty children, I saw something disappear under a clod and paused a moment to investigate. Immediately the children close at hand made a dive, and a struggling and indignant frog was produced for me. It was a matter of considerable difficulty to make my would-be benefactors realise that I did not want the creature. As we left the crowd behind diffident voices were raised timidly in the begging cry, "Cumshaw, cumshaw." In some districts, however, the children are most insistent, even insolent, in their demands, and to yield in a moment of weakness means endless pestering long after the village has been passed. Once when leaving an island village the children began to throw stones



THE DEVIL-DEFEATING CAP.

The figures on the cap are those of the god of longevity and the eight immortals whose duty it is to keep off evil influences. This child is much more of the Mongolian type than is usually met with in South China.



THE SILVER COLLAR (HONG KONG).



MISS CURIOSITY (JAPAN).



as soon as they thought the sampan was a safe distance from the shore, but as their aim was very bad no harm was done.

The education of Chinese children is not quite on the same lines as our own, as will be seen from the following episode. We skirted some banana trees with their large ragged leaves, and entered the village street. As we passed one of the buildings there issued therefrom a confused noise of shrill small voices shouting chaotically, a sign that it was that seat of learning—a Chinese school. Inside, under the eye of a picture of Confucius, and that of the schoolmaster, each urchin was learning his allotted portion of the Trimetrical Classic by heart and aloud, regardless of his neighbours, while the schoolmaster, who had discarded all clothing above his waist, was gently fanning himself. Some roving eye, of course, at once detected us, and immediately every voice was stilled, while all glances were directed with eager curiosity towards the foreign intruders. As we departed the chaotic noise started anew.

The school hours are from one hour before breakfast, taken about nine or ten o'clock, until one hour before sunset. The teacher is dependent upon the approval of the parents, who pay him, dismiss him if displeased, and lay down the hours and curriculum. His salary is from 5 dollars to 10 dollars a month, and in many cases it is paid in grain. Tea and fuel are supplied gratis as extras. Truly the wants of learning are

In Japan things are very different. Exorcism has to a large extent been replaced by science, disorder by discipline, and dirt by cleanliness, although sanitation leaves room for improvement. It is a land of happy children. They are carried about on their mothers' backs, or as soon as they are big enough they, in their turn, have to carry their small brothers and sisters. They play and jump about regardless of the babies, who do not mind in the least. In fact, the latter may often be seen fast asleep while their little heads are tossed backwards and forwards as though they would be jolted off. Once I saw a little girl carrying a contented-looking puppy on her back under her kimono. She had a string tied round about him to keep him from slipping down inside.

Children are seldom punished, and have plenty of games and toys. It is said that they never cry, but if that is so the Japanese must have some other animals in their houses which make the same kind of noise. The children are brought up to be hardy. The Samurai women, the women of the old military class, used to send their little sons out on cold dark nights to do tasks in lonely spots, so that they should grow up brave and hardy. The boys were also taught that they must kill themselves—commit *hari-kari*—rather than endure disgrace. Every year girls have their festival of dolls, and boys a festival of carp, for the carp is an emblem of courage and perseverance;



HIS WINTER CLOTHES (HONG KONG).



CUPID OF THE SAMPANS (HONG KONG).



YOUNG CHINA.

most modest! When a portion of the mainland was leased to Hong Kong in 1898, out of about two hundred schools there was only one where girls were educated.

Chinese children, especially boys, are very liable to attack by devils or other evil influences, and special steps have to be taken to protect them. Small pieces of mirror may be seen fixed round the caps of small children. They look like ornaments, but they are used for the much more serious purpose of defending the infants from assaults of devils. Small images of guardian deities or lucky characters are also placed upon caps for the same reason, and a red thread is woven into the plait or tufts of hair. A few "cash" are sometimes worn strung on a red cord, and these are especially efficacious if they have already been hung round the neck of certain gods. Silver chains or hoops are often seen locked round the neck of a small boy, which is for the purpose of locking him to life, and also signifies the locking up of evil spirits. Girls, too, in some villages, may occasionally be seen wearing exorcising collars. Their lives, of course, are nothing like so valuable as those of boys, and the latter, when very young, are often called by a girl's name in order to deceive the invisible foe. These are only a few of the many ways of combating the demons, but in spite of all precautions the latter seem to be easy winners in the struggle, for, according to Dr. J. Dyer Ball, "out of every 1,000 Chinese children born in Hong Kong only 72 live beyond twelve months or so" ("Things Chinese").

and it is hoped that the boys will grow up equally brave and persistent. On the day of the festival large collapsible paper carp are flown from bamboo poles, and as the wind blows it fills them out through their open mouths. They never give in, but revive with the least wind.

The carp first earned their reputation in China. As they ascend the Yellow River they reach the mighty rapids called the Dragon Rapids. To negotiate these involves much courage and strength, besides perseverance. Many fish fail, and not a few die in the attempt, but those which succeed, it is said, straightway become fish-dragons, giants of their kind.

The children are under a strict discipline at school, and both boys and girls go through a course of drill. The boys wear a sort of semi-military uniform which looks more German than Japanese. They are taken to museums and about the country in classes as part of their education. The effect of this drill and discipline is seen in the lives of the people. When we were at Nikko the Empress arrived, and a large crowd congregated at the station to meet her. When she came along in her carriage, a solemn little person in European dress, there was no burst of cheering, but somebody blew a whistle, when the men took off their hats and the women bowed low, all in absolute silence. There was nothing spontaneous whatever about the proceedings. Crowds of school children were drawn up in lines at all the stations, simply to bow as the train went through without stopping.



# TEN DAYS IN THE HIGHLANDS

By TOM SPEEDY.

**T**HROUGH the kindness of His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon I was privileged to enjoy a couple of days' fishing in the lower reaches of the Spey. Arriving at Fochabers in due course, I found in the hotel other two disciples of Izaak Walton, who gave a rather gloomy account of the sport to be expected. The river had risen 12ins. a day or two previously and what salmon were in the pools had wended their way upwards, while no fresh ones seemed to have come in. After dinner some fishing stories were indulged in, and eventually we retired for the night. Rising early, I took a walk to the bridge below which the mighty river rushes seaward. It was interesting to note that the southern half of the bridge, the part that was washed away in the great flood of 1829, was iron. Looking upwards, a magnificent panorama meets the gaze of the observer; the fine flowing river, the haughs all covered with whins, bushes, stones, gravel and rough vegetation, all claimed by the river when in flood; the yellow fertile fields on the higher ground, many of them with corn still in stook, backed up by heather hills, with Ben Aigan and Ben Rinnes standing out conspicuously. The old toll-house is still at the end of the bridge, and I had a long crack with the inmate, now an old man, regarding the terrible catastrophe of August 3rd, 1829, when the bridge was carried away, so graphically described by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his book on the "Moray Floods." As he records, "many were on the bridge looking over the parapet at the wreck, with carcasses of dead animals and other bodies which had hurried through." Suddenly a crack appeared in the roadway, when a teacher at Fochabers shouted, "The bridge is falling, run for your lives." They all escaped, though with difficulty, except a son of the toll-keeper, who was lame. The parapet wall tumbled down about him and he was never seen again alive, but his body was found the same evening a quarter of a mile below. Only eight lives, I think, were lost with that terrible flood, but providential and miraculous escapes were many. Perhaps one of the most heartrending cases was that of Charles Cruickshank, the hotel-keeper at Aberlour. Having some wood lying near the mouth of the burn, when the water began to rise he got on to a raft with the view of saving it. The flood increasing so quickly he was soon carried off, but passing a tree he seized the branches and climbed up, where his friends thought he was safe. Numerous attempts were made to save him, but, even with a boat, such was the velocity of the current, it was impossible to approach him. The wretched man kept shouting to the willing hands to renew their efforts to save him, till darkness set in, and occasionally afterwards his whistle was heard. When daylight appeared it was found the tree was uprooted and carried away. Cruickshank's body was found washed ashore five miles down the river. Reflecting on that terrible occurrence I sauntered slowly to the hotel for breakfast.

Shortly after a fisherman arrived with instructions that I was to fish the "Cumberland Ford Beat," which entailed a walk of a couple of miles down towards Garmouth. Leaving the road and making tracks for the river, we found, though it was some distance, that practically the entire valley had been submerged. Dry watercourses and islands were all covered with stones and gravel, while trees and huge roots had come down with the floods and grounded on the higher parts like Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat. It is recorded that after the great flood referred to fish were strewn all over the valley. Here and there whins and coarse vegetation made their appearance, and what on most rivers would be fertile haughs was a sight to be remembered. Who could paint the desolation? Frequently in winter storms the river changes its bed, and no part of the valley is safe from its vagaries.

Reaching the river, we at once got started, trying first with a "Mar Lodge." With the same fly, in March last, I succeeded in two and a half hours in killing six salmon on the Tweed in the Junction Pool immediately above Kelso Bridge. In the present case I persevered the entire day, trying "Jock Scotts," "Silver Grays," "Durham Rangers," "Wilkinsons," and others, but to no purpose—Salmo salar would not be tempted. Bait fishing is prohibited there, and one has "to do in Rome as the Romans do," but I fancy I could have secured a fish or two if I had had my spinning rod and some sand eels. As already indicated, there were few fish in the river, but a thirty-pounder splashed up near to the point of my rod after the fly had gone over him.

The following day the lower beat immediately above Garmouth Railway Bridge was allotted to me, and to it I repaired. Though I industriously kept the flies in the water, full of hopeful anticipation that the day would prove more successful than the day before, such was not to be the case, as I never got a rise. It must not be supposed that I was disappointed, as genuine salmon-fishers are well accustomed to blank days. In point of fact, I enjoyed the days immensely. In shooting as well as fishing it is not always the biggest bags that afford most pleasure, and much enjoyment is frequently found on a blank day. The beautiful scenery, the splendid pools, the rapid-flowing river, the long vista all afforded views of mountain,

wood and water. Binnhill, Cullen, on the Seafeld property, and Whiteash Hill covered with wood, with the monument erected in memory of the late Duchess of Richmond and Gordon prominent in the distance, all added a charm to the prospect.

Having received a kind invitation to shoot at Glenfiddich, twenty-five miles distant, the tenant of this magnificent shooting arranged to motor over for me the following afternoon. I had thus time to make some enquiries in regard to Fochabers, that fruitful nursery of rare notabilities in music composition. It is recorded that the fourth Duke of Gordon was the author of the well known Scotch song, "There's cauld kail in Aberdeen," while William Marshall, whom Burns characterised as "the first composer of Strathspeys of the age," was born in the town. He was the reputed author or composer of many well known dancing tunes peculiar to Speyside, such as "Rothiemurchus Rant," "The haughs o' Cromdale," "Craigellachie Brig," "Tullochgorum" and the "Drucken Wives o' Fochabers." The celebrated song, "Tullochgorum," was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Longside, but Marshall composed the tune.

What would Scottish dances be without Strathspeys and reels? and who could surpass Burns' description of them as in the Witches' dance at Alloway Kirk:

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle i' their heels:  
The piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark.

My host arriving in his car, we commenced a delightful drive up Speyside. Passing through the beautiful policies of Orton, we called for the proprietor, with whom I had been associated at many shooting parties in bygone days. As we proceeded some of the best salmon pools in the river were noted. Many relics of feudalism exist on the banks of Spey and its tributaries, including The Dun, Ruthven Castle, Loch-an-eilan, Balvenie Castle, Auchindoun Castle, Muckrach Castle, Rothes Castle and Castle Roy. Having already referred to the composers of music, I may safely say of the Spey as the late Mr. Russel of the *Scotsman* wrote of the Tweed: "See her and hers rolling along, beautiful and beautifying, through regions where every ruin is history and every glen is song, gathering her tributes from a thousand hills."

Crossing Craigellachie Brig we soon passed through Dufftown, and got an excellent view of the ruins of Auchindoun Castle, which overshadow the "Braes o' Balloch," celebrated in song composed over a century ago by Mrs. Grant of Carron:

Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye how she cheated me  
As I cam' owre the braes o' Balloch?

We soon got into Glenfiddich, a glen beautiful and picturesque, also rich in historical associations, which was visited by Queen Victoria in 1867. After passing Dufftown, she wrote:

Three miles more brought us to a lodge and gate, which was the entrance to Glenfiddich. Here you go right into the hills. The glen is very narrow with the Fiddich flowing below, green hills rising on either side, with birch trees growing on them. We saw deer on the tops of the hills close by. The carriage road—a very good one—winds along for nearly three miles, where you come suddenly to the lodge. It is a long shooting-lodge, covering a good deal of ground, but only one storey high. We reached it at half-past six, and it was nearly dark. The scenery is not grand but pretty; an open valley with green and not very high hills, some birches, and a great deal of fern and juniper. After about three miles the glen narrows, and is extremely pretty; a narrow, steep path overhanging a burn, leads to a cave, which the Duke said went a long way under the hill. It is called the elf house.

The Royal party remained two days in Glenfiddich. I can only homologate Her Majesty's description of the glen and the house. The latter, being all on the ground floor with many bedrooms, necessitated long passages, yet it was a comfortable dwelling. One thing in the house interested me much, viz., a grandfather clock, which, I was informed, never needs winding up. With the exception of running water I had never heard of perpetual motion—though I once heard it stated in a pantomime that the nearest approach to it was a woman's tongue. The mystery, however, was solved by going outside the building, where into the wall was a small door, and inside of it was another door, which, on being opened, revealed a jet of water flowing on to a wheel, causing the perpetual motion.

On arrival I received a true Highland welcome from my hostess and some other American ladies. Certainly the unbounded kindness displayed towards me will not readily be effaced from my memory. During dinner I told many humorous Scotch stories which, judging from their laughter, amused them intensely.

The following morning I was awakened by the inspiring strains of the bagpipes outside my bedroom window playing "Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye wauken yet?" Soon after breakfast preparations were made for a start to the hill. The beat was nine miles distant, and soon we were motoring up the narrow glen, followed by three other gentlemen who had arrived in their cars. After a run of five miles the road terminated, and ponies being awaiting us, we rode the remaining four miles. Before reaching the butts we noted coveys of grouse flying in all directions as if much scared, and, knowing what that meant, I swept my eyes round the horizon and there beheld an eagle flying in aerial circles over the beat about to be driven. The beaters being ready to start, we had no alternative but to get into our respective butts, though we knew that the royal bird had practically cleared the moor.

He must be a very unimpressible being, however much experience he may have had, who does not feel considerable trepidation when he finds himself in a grouse butt, in full view of sportsmen he has not previously met, and sees coming towards him a covey of grouse. It is a moment of glorious uncertainty, and until I have fired a few shots I never feel sure whether I am in good form and may fairly expect to shoot up to the level of success I have attained on previous occasions.

As was anticipated, the drive was a failure, only two single birds, which had evidently trusted to concealment rather than flight from their natural enemy, came near me, which I secured. The pick up round all the butts was small, and we made tracks for another line. There was an improvement this time, but nothing like what should have been. Grouse live in mortal terror of eagles. I have seen them, on the approach of one, coming over the skyline a mile distant, dash off and congregate in large numbers, rise high in the air and cross a mountain range, soon being lost to view. As it turned out, the bag for the day was small, only 62½ brace being bagged, though double that number was expected.

Next day we motored eight miles in the opposite direction and started near where the two burns meet that constitute the river Deveron. Grouse were plentiful, but, unfortunately, had in many cases collected into packs, keeping on the high ground, which makes it clear they will take care of themselves for the remainder of the season. Several times packs of hundreds came over the butts at once, which is not so conducive to a big bag as when coveys, pairs, or single birds approach the sportsmen. The bag for the day, however, was 115½ brace, and larger ones were subsequently secured.

It must appear evident that in seasons like this year's, when grouse are in great numbers, it is desirable in the interest of the moor to shoot hard during August, for, as has been seen, as the season advances birds congregate into packs, keep to high ground, and in a large measure defy the ingenuity of sportsmen. I remember the immense number of grouse got in 1872, when we secured 3,000 brace at Dalnaspidal, but were further baffled by their getting into packs as already described. Alas! in 1873 a sufficiency of birds could hardly be found with which to train young pointers, and no shooting was done that season.

The following day my host and I went deer stalking—of course, different beats. After walking a considerable distance

the keeper using his telescope spied a number of deer and, locating "a good beast" by itself, we immediately started on a stalk. The stag was feeding on the top of the steep bank of a rugged mountain burn, and as the slight wind was favourable we felt cocksure of getting near him. Accordingly we descended a steep declivity, crossed the Fiddich, and gradually ascended the burn. How often we crossed it in order not to show ourselves to the watchful eyes of the stag it would be difficult to say. After traversing its many windings, sometimes on our knees and at other times wriggling like a serpent as flat as possible, we got quite within a hundred yards. The stag, however, had lain down in a hollow and nothing could be seen but the tips of his antlers. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to lie down and wait till he rose. This proved to be a matter of hours, which in a measure became tiresome and tantalising. Fortunately it was not cold, and, but for midges, would have been quite enjoyable. After a time a slight breeze sprang up, which relieved us of the midge pest. The keeper expected the stag would soon rise and begin to feed again, when we naturally concluded he would be converted into venison. Lying in a wilderness of heather and bracken, I revelled in the solitude and forgot all about the stag. It is always salutary to be alone with nature and one's own thoughts, which wander to bygone days in similar circumstances. What imperishable memories were recalled! It was a sport admirably adapted for quiet contemplation, calculated to awaken meditation of the most sublime description and to encourage one to "look from Nature up to Nature's God." No sounds were audible but those of nature, the occasional roar of a stag, the sighing breeze, the music of running water wimpling over miniature cascades tinkling among the hills, and the hum of a bee from a heather bell. For a time I had watched the perseverance of a humble bee, and could not help admiring its pertinacity as it flew from one sprig of heather to another. The loveliness of a Highland burn, the grandeur of the barren waste lands of our Scottish mountains and the misty mountain tops, the haunt of the eagle and the ptarmigan are always to me subjects of intense interest.

Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by the keeper pressing my leg and half rising up. Seizing the rifle, I quickly followed suit. The breeze had increased a little and had evidently been snaky, as, unseen, the stag had slipped down the steep bank into the burn. On rising to my feet, I saw his stern disappearing round a winding. When I next saw him he was galloping across the mountain on the other side of the gully. I fired, and the keeper and I thought he was hit, but watching him a considerable distance we both arrived at the conclusion that he was not. Being long past the bloodthirsty age, I went home happy and contented. Nothing makes me more sad than to see a wounded stag escape to pine and die in its mountain solitude.

My host was equally unsuccessful. I must confess I should have liked to have had another search for the stag, but grouse-driving was the order, and I had some more pleasant days. It will readily be understood how reluctant I was to leave this sportsman's paradise, yet I had no alternative but to respond to the call of duty and made tracks for Edinburgh. The bag for August and September was 3,000 brace of grouse.

## BUTCHERS' PROFITS

IN our pages attention has frequently been directed to the lack of correspondence between the fall in the price of livestock and the price charged by the butcher. The latter has been making most unreasonable profits, to the natural annoyance of the breeder or farmer. In many cases he has paid nearly as much for his stores as he receives for the finished beast, while the butcher goes on charging an approximation to war prices.

The Earl of Harrowby has adopted a plan for dealing with this state of things which we thought so interesting that we asked for information in regard to it. We learn that a business was taken over at valuation in April, 1921. A fully qualified butcher was engaged to carry it on, and a lad from the Home Farm assists him on busy days. At the time of taking over there were seventy customers on the books. The policy adopted is to supply the very best quality of meat at a price which allows the grower a fair margin of profit. It was found that this could be done at prices considerably lower than those of the butchers in the surrounding towns. In consequence, the shop has attracted the custom of all the tenants on the estate and many of the residents in the immediate neighbourhood. This will appear natural enough when it is kept in mind that at the present moment the price for best bullock and heifer beef is eighteenpence a pound, for what are usually the most costly cuts. The same price is charged per pound for the best lamb and wether mutton.

The business is now being extended to cured bacon, which, it is hoped, will sell at one shilling and threepence to one shilling

and fourpence per pound, which prices are expected to give a fair profit. Pork and pork sausages are being retailed at one shilling and threepence per pound, thereby surprising the buyer, who wonders why he is charged more for sausages than for solid meat, remembering as he does, the gibe in one of the comic papers when food was rationed. The question was asked whether the sausage was to be classified as vegetable or meat.

The business is carried on in very good style. There is a well equipped slaughter house at the Home Farm, the advantage of which is that the animals are not upset by being taken into strange surroundings, and, consequently, slaughter better. The business has increased to such an extent that it has outgrown the accommodation of the present premises, and plans have been prepared for a new butcher's shop, a curing house and bacon storing room. It is proposed also to instal plant for sausage and brawn making. It is no wonder that the number of customers has more than doubled and goes on increasing.

Farmers have taken up the scheme and no doubt it will spread very rapidly, especially as people at the present moment are very sick of the ways of the middleman. He has come to regard himself as the most important personage in the play, taking by far the greater share of profits and paying as little as he can to the farmer, while charging as much as he can to the consumer. Such a state of things could not be allowed to go on, as, if it were, the mere handler or distributor of goods would soon be in a financial position superior to that of either the consumer or the producer.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE FORWARD SEAT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On my return from India I find a good deal of correspondence awaiting reply, but to do so *in extenso* would take up too much space. I will start by saying that if the forward seat had even one of the disadvantages attributed to it by your correspondents, neither I nor any of my supporters would advocate it. Perhaps it should never have been called the "forward" seat, as that expression has led to so much misunderstanding. It is nothing more nor less than the balanced seat, and as such I will in future describe it. Your correspondents dwell very much upon the question of saving the weight on the horse's foreleg on landing over a fence, and consider that if they lean back they are so doing. What actually occurs is that they concentrate the body upon the line of the force of impact, and possibly cause thereby more strain upon the foreleg than by any other method. I do not wish at this juncture, however, to labour this point, as it is not material to the argument. There is such a thing known in dynamics as "deferred impact," as when a cushion is being struck, and it is by applying this principle that we can save a horse's legs very effectively. We attempt to "cushionate" the jar of impact by absorbing it in the muscles of the knee and also the ankle if the stirrup is on the ball of the foot. In this way the impact of the body is deferred as much as possible, and a great saving to the horse is the result. The next point is that of being able to pick a horse up after a peck. I suppose nothing but demonstration can convince on a matter such as this. I can only say that if jockeys were to modernise their riding the incident Captain Wall admired so much in this year's National would not be the exception but the rule. A rider who is balanced has more power of collecting his horse than one who is not. We must realise that if the body is forward it can go back instantaneously if circumstances demand, but if the body is back the converse does not apply. The question as to whether there should be different styles for riding, one for hunting, one for the show ring, one for steeple-chasing, etc., can be answered, I think conclusively, by expressing it in the following way:

- (1) A perfect equipoise of the body is fundamental to good horsemanship.
- (2) The laws of gravity, statics and dynamics are constant.
- (3) The action of the horse is constant.
- (4) Pace and effort are matters of degree.

If, therefore, we can find the true balance of the body at the slower paces, it is only a matter of degree to be equally balanced at the faster ones. No matter whether we hack or hunt or show or race, these fundamentals must always remain. Few people can even ride a horse properly at a walk! I am very sorry indeed to find so many people who still regard the show ring as a kind of fancy fair. When properly executed it represents the best possible horsemanship over most difficult obstacles, and I have, personally, learnt a very great deal in how to cross a country by watching the exhibitions of the best Continental riders in the show ring.—M. F. McTAGGART, Lieutenant-Colonel.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a student of the modern form of riding I wish heartily to support Colonel McTaggart and to say that I thoroughly agree with the principles he advocates. There is no doubt in my mind that confidence and balance are the essentials of good horsemanship. At the Cavalry school they now teach their pupils to lean forward, even when landing over a drop fence, and not only is there no apparent extra jar to the horse's legs, but the rider feels perfectly secure. I am very glad that the Military authorities are at last accepting Colonel McTaggart's principles, which he has advocated for so long.—A STUDENT.

## AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS AT GOLF.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE there were some notes on Mr. Wethered's performance in the Open Golf Championship, and on the encouragement which amateur golf had derived from it. For my part I have always considered that one of the most curious features about ball games is the pronounced and

consistent superiority which is shown by professionals at golf over amateurs. Perhaps Mr. Darwin, with his wide knowledge and experience, would enlarge on this point. Professionals are generally better than amateurs at most games, no doubt because they specialise more on their own game, and practise more regularly. The measure of their superiority really depends on the interest which the game arouses. Billiards, for example, is a game at which solitary practice for any length of time is rather a dull business, and no amateur will take the pains to continue it. You may say the same of bowling at cricket; the professional is usually a better bowler than the amateur, because most amateurs would sooner spend their time at a net in batting rather than bowling. But of the great batsmen of the last thirty or forty years you would be inclined to pick out Grace, Fry and Ranjitsinhji as the greatest. The high-class amateur does not make his living by the game, but he practises it as diligently as if he did, and certainly quite as much as can be good for his golf. If he worked harder at it he would only become stale. He is a specialist; he is probably in perfect condition, and there seems no reason why he should not be as good as anyone can possibly be. Indeed, if I were to watch Mr. Wethered or Mr. Tolley or Mr. de Montmorency it would no doubt seem to me inconceivable that anyone could be better. Yet put them down against Duncan or Mitchell or Hutchinson, and in a series of games they would stand little chance. Can the professional do things at golf which the amateur cannot do? You sometimes read of an iron shot being played with "the crispness of a professional." Why should not an amateur's shot be equally crisp? You do not hear of a batsman cutting or hitting to leg with the skill of a professional. It is all a matter of learning and imitation. Or is it on the putting green that the amateur loses his match? Yet I remember to have been told that some of the greatest lights of professional golf were not specially good putters. Where does the great difference or, at any rate, the obvious difference between the two classes of player come in? An odd detail is that if an amateur, Abe Mitchell, for example, becomes a professional he seems by virtue of the change to enter the higher class of golfers. Judging by the scores it always looks as if the typically good amateur round was about 77 or 78, while the good professional round is about 72 or 73. Where does the professional save these four or five strokes?—A. C.

## THE USHER'S SEAT AT ETON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I point out what I think is a mistake in the title of one of your Eton photographs. I do not know if you were at Eton yourself, but if you were, you surely remember no Master at Eton was ever called an "Usher." "Lower School" (as it now exists), was presided over by the "Lower Master," who ranks next to the Headmaster. I was in that division nearly fifty years ago and I am sure my dear old tutor, who at that time was Lower Master, would turn in his grave if you called him an "Usher."—ETONIAN OF THE 'SEVENTIES.

[It is true that Eton masters are no longer known, save in vulgar parlance, as Ushers. But for the first two centuries, at least, of Eton's existence the staff consisted of a *Master* and an *Usher*. The former developed into the Headmaster, the latter into the Lower Master. This was the seat where the Usher sat for years, before the title of Lower Master was invented. If our correspondent desires confirmation of this view, let him consult Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte's history.—Ed.]

## DO SALMON EVER JUMP WITH HEADS DOWN-STREAM?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Lord Knutsford raises rather an interesting question in a letter to me about Mr. Norman Wilkinson's fine etchings of salmon jumping which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of November 19th. He draws attention to what he criticises as "a very curious mistake." "I will wager," he writes, "that you have never seen a salmon jump with his head down-stream, as he is shown in two of the pictures." Only once, he says, has he ever seen a fish jump thus, in relation to the current, and that was this very year and in circumstances which make the one exception appear to confirm the general rule; for, "it was on the Terridon, in a dull, still,

small pool where the fish, when the wind blew against the very sluggish current, lay with their heads down such stream as there was. Invariably, when there is any stream, the fish jump with their heads up-stream." I am nearly sure that Lord Knutsford is right, though the question had never occurred to me till I read his letter. Of course, fish generally jump heading up-stream. Of that there can be no doubt. But is the rule invariable for the hooked fish? That is where I find my memory at fault. Usually, what between the splash in the water and the splash in my nerves that the jump occasions when it is my hooked fish that is doing the jumping, my wits become so disordered that I am incapable of "taking notice."—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

## "ARMADA" CHESTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to Miss Frances Pitt's letter in your issue of November 19th, I enclose a photograph of a somewhat similar iron chest, which has been in my family for a great number of years. The measurements are, length, 3ft. 7ins.; height, 1ft. 11ins.; width from back to front, 1ft. 11ins. This is somewhat larger than the specimen in the Victoria and Albert Museum and the locks are covered with an ornamental steel plate, which is very handsome. The bolts come out on three sides of the plate. I have always understood that this is an Armada chest and shall be glad to know whether you



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN CHEST.

consider it to be of sixteenth century German or Spanish work.—W. DE VINS WADE.

[We have referred our correspondent's letter to Mr. W. W. Watts, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, who kindly writes: "In my opinion the chest, of which you have sent a photograph, is German work of the seventeenth century. We have small editions of these coffers in steel which are almost certainly Augsburg work; each has the inside of the lid completely covered with an intricate lock; these locks appear to be peculiar to German work. We have here a hinge-band of the same style as the three bands which cover up the inside of the lid in your photograph; this was purchased from the collection of a German in 1893 and is certainly German work. We have never discovered any foundation for the 'Armada Chest' theory, and personally I do not believe in it. All the so-called 'Armada' chests which I have seen were German work of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. On the face of it, it is hardly likely that such bulky chests should have been recovered from the wreck of Armada; and further, the work is not Spanish."—Ed.]

## FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I make one correction in the attractive article on Rowfant appearing in your issue of Nov. 26th? The "two charming articles" on Frederick Locker by his son Oliver appeared not in *Blackwood* but in the *Cornhill* for January and February of this year, 1921—appropriately indeed, for Frederick Locker was an early and constant contributor to the *Cornhill* from the days of Thackeray's editorship on.—LEONARD HUXLEY.



## THE YUCCA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a recent number you had an illustration showing, among other plants, the yucca filamentosa in the garden at Sedgwick Park, Horsham. The enclosed photograph of yucca may, therefore, be of sufficient interest to you for you to publish. I believe it is quite exceptional to have so many blooms—there were thirty-two all told—and the Director of the Botanic Gardens at Kew tells me it is exceptional in this country. The plants have flowered the last two years, but only two or three blooms. How long they have been planted in these gardens here I do not know, as I have only been in possession of this house (at Bristol) for the last three years.—HORACE WALKER.

[The group is unusually well flowered, but yuccas have blossomed extraordinarily well this season. The plants illustrated, though fine, do not represent the best type of yucca gloriosa. The finest form of this plant has narrower leaves, a more pyramidal spike, and, when old, a more tree-like habit. This latter type cannot, unfortunately, be relied upon to succeed in the Midlands or North of England. Our correspondent's bed is of a type of plant reminiscent in habit of the more commonly seen *Y. recurvifolia*. This, too, is an excellent plant, but the brown backs to the sepals to some extent detract from its effect when in flower. As one would expect from their coloration, yuccas depend for their fertilisation on night flying insects. Their flowers, therefore, open wider by night, so that they are never seen so effectively as under the light of the moon, which always deals kindly with flowers of cream or greenish colouring.—Ed.]

## [TRANSPORT BY MUSSACK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope these three photographs from India, taken on a week-end fishing trip on the River Sutlej, may interest you. They show the different stages of our being ferried across the river on "mussacks." A mussack consists of a dried bullock or buffalo skin inflated with air. The two men in the first picture are not



A YUCCA WITH THIRTY-TWO BLOOMS.

carrying walruses on their backs, they are simply "mussackwallers," or ferrymen, carrying their mussacks down to the river. The second picture shows the final inflation of the mussack before crossing. One hind leg is tied up with a piece of string. This is removed and the ferryman applies his mouth to the hind leg and blows until he is satisfied that the mussack is sufficiently inflated. It is then tied up again and water is finally splashed over the mussack to wet it well. No. 3 shows the actual crossing of the Sutlej, which is about 100yds. wide. The ferryman has his legs in the water at one side; they act as propellers, and he carries a wooden paddle which he uses on the other side of the mussack. The passenger puts his feet against the mussack's hind legs and, leaning across the

ferryman's back, places his luggage between the fore legs. If a longer journey is desired, the ferryman will arrange for other mussacks with a rough wooden and string native bed on the top, thus making a raft.—F. C. O'R.

## THE COLLEGE OF ESTATE MANAGEMENT.

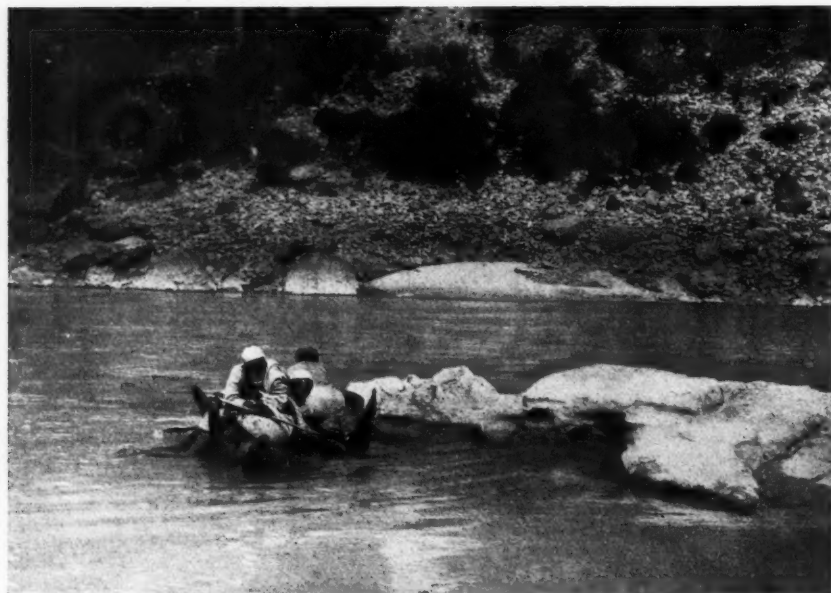
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A most encouraging report was presented to the patrons of the College of Estate Management by Sir William Wells last week. Beginning work in April with 270 students, they now have over a thousand enrolled. Sir William pointed out that 20 per cent. of this number are attending the courses for the purpose of studying special subjects, and not merely with the object of passing the professional examinations. Anyone inspecting the College premises at 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields must be delighted with the care taken in the restoration of this beautiful old house, which was built by Sir Robert Taylor, architect to the Bank of England, in 1754. Previous tenants cannot have realised the beauty of their surroundings, because most of the rooms were subdivided, but now the house remains as a monument of an interesting period. The wrought-iron staircase, being condemned, had to come down, but the governors generously presented it to the nation, and the first flight has been re-erected in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The new staircase, with balustradings in teak, harmonises well with the interior.—A. C. S.

## THE DEVIL'S DEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would you allow me a few words of explanation as to the illustration of the "Devil's Den," near Manton, Wilts, of November 19th? This megalithic structure, once doubtless the chamber of a long barrow, had of late years shown signs of collapse owing to the great weight of the lapstone having thrust out one of the supporting stones. In order to render it secure for the future, the Wiltshire Archaeological Society undertook to prevent any further movement of the supporting stone by concreting its base, under the advice of the Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments. No attempt to "restore" the structure in any way was made. The stones were carefully shored up in their existing position, and the base of the leaning stone was then concreted without moving the stone at all. Nobody would know that anything whatever had been done to it, except that a small stone wedge has been inserted under the lapstone to prevent its oscillating, as it could be made to do before. The cost of the work, £56, was more than had been reckoned on, and as the Society has no funds which can be devoted to such a purpose a special appeal had to be made, to which the Marlborough College Nature Society responded generously, but a considerable sum is still lacking. The bill has to be paid at Christmas, and if any of your readers who are interested in the preservation of our ancient monuments care to send a small donation to myself it will be most gratefully received.—ED. H. GODDARD, Clyffe Vicarage, Swindon (hon. secretary, Wilts Archaeological Society).



ACROSS THE SUTLEJ ON MUSSACKS.

(1) Carrying the mussack to the river. (2) Blowing it up. (3) The crossing.

## DRY ROT IN HOUSES

**F**EW materials are used in construction in larger quantities than timber, the annual consumption of which in this country for imported wood alone is said to exceed in value £80,000,000. Wood is liable to many forms of decay, but that due to dry rot is hardly less than a national menace, and its preventable ravages are a constant drain upon the pocket of the property owner. These ravages have been much accentuated recently owing to the neglect of property during the war and the increasing use of immature and insufficiently seasoned wood.

There are a number of fungi which attack timber. Some are special to growing timber, others to felled exposed wood. The spongy mushroom-like growths on forest trees and the rust-like spots on felled trees are familiar to everyone. These growths do not spread with great rapidity, and probably this fact causes a light view to be taken of fungoid diseases occurring in house timber. Comparatively innocuous growths are sometimes found in houses, where also timber may decay through mere mechanical disintegration due to age, alternate wetting and drying, or other causes. But the true dry rot, known as *Merulius lacrymans* (from the tears it exudes at a certain stage of growth), though belonging to the mushroom genus, is so virulent in its action under favourable conditions as to be in an altogether different category from the fungi familiar to most persons. "I have fought scarlet fever at home and in camp, and beaten it," said a medical man recently to the writer, "but I have never fought anything like this."

*Merulius* practically confines its attacks to house timber. It develops from spawn, which throws off minute spores of segmental shape. Longways it would take about 2,500 of these spores to scale an inch, and double this number sideways, and as each spore is a potential source of disease, it is evident that an attack must be fought almost as though one were dealing with bacteria.

The fungus spores falling on timber in favourable circumstances begin to germinate and throw out hyphæ—small tubes—which are closed, but exude a liquid that attacks the lignin. In this way the walls of the fibres are pierced and the growth enters the wood. At this stage the surface of the wood shows a greenish or yellowish patch, which will become soft and spongy. Meanwhile the enemy is strengthening himself for real business, absorbing, from the wood, nitrogen and mineral constituents necessary for maturity. The next stage is the formation of mycelium, a white, woolly growth somewhat resembling delicate hoar frost. Later this becomes compact and leathery, takes a firm hold of the timber, and grows along it. It travels by condensing moisture, which may be often seen on its surface like drops of dew. This it then absorbs with expansion, pushing itself forward. Now, in full maturity, it presents an appearance as horrible to the house owner as it is beautiful to the mycologist. Generally white and spongy on the outer edges, it forms curved folds inwards, where it exhibits yellow and, later, often red flesh-like masses which on pressure exude a liquid resembling diluted blood. During this period the fungus has been attacking the wood in all directions, breaking through the cell walls and absorbing moisture and nutrient bodies, with the result that the timber becomes brittle and impoverished—first swelling (owing to fungus growth), then shrinking as it is eaten, and finally breaking up, at the commencement along lines of least resistance between the tubes parallel with the length, and afterwards also across the grain, when, the work being done, the visible evidence of the fungus moves on for new ravages, leaving the wood brown and brittle and having very much the appearance of timber attacked by fire. In this crumbling wood are millions of spores shed by the fungus in its active growth, and ready for more devastation with a favourable opportunity. Less frequently the growth takes another form, producing a black seaweed-like network which throws out branches and festoons that spread readily from joist to joist. These are often quite tree-like in their appearance, and may grow to the thickness of a lead pencil or more and attain considerable rigidity.

*Merulius* exhibits a preference for resinous wood, including the ordinary timber used in construction known in the South as "yellow deal" and in the North as "red deal," and generally referred to as "fir timber," though really a pine. Pitch-pine, denser and more resinous, is also readily attacked; so, too, are spruce and American pine. The insidious growth does not, however, confine its attention to soft woods, though it prefers them, and even oak is not immune from its ravages.

### CAUSES AND CURES.

As to the conditions necessary for growth, the foremost is moisture, and next are stagnant air and darkness. It has also been stated that an alkali is requisite, by which is generally meant the volatile alkali ammonia. Ammonia is a product of the decomposition of animal excretions, and is likely, therefore, to be found in association with defective drains or ill kept sanitary appliances and stabling. While, without doubt, ammonia greatly promotes the fungus, its presence in a recognisable form is by no means essential, and the writer has experience of far more cases devoid of any connection with drains than those caused by bad sanitation.

It will thus be realised that dryness and good ventilation are the best safeguards against attack. These are matters which are essentially the business of the architect in the first instance, but subsequently they may become the responsibility of the property owner or tenant. It is, for example, of little value to provide ventilators in floors if these are to be stopped up by sloping flower borders, or to protect floors from ground moisture by concrete and damp-courses if rainwater pipes and gutters are allowed to get choked and broken. Probably more cases of the disease arise through defects in these provisions for removing rain than from any other single cause. Roofs must be kept water-tight, and whatever other repairs are put off, these are most extravagant to delay. Among the less obvious roof defects to the layman are defective parapet walls. When these (as all too frequently occurs) have no damp-courses, the weather gets in and soaks down the walls through decayed jointing in coping stones or cement covering to brickwork. Cracks and pinholes in lead or zinc gutters, flats and roof junctions are also a frequent source of trouble. Zinc has a comparatively short life, especially in town atmospheres, where a twenty year old zinc flat will often need constant attention. Lead, itself imperishable, often cracks after years of alternate expansion and contraction through heat and cold, and this is most likely to take place where areas much exceeding a couple of square yards are found without breaks in the form of rolls or steps. Even when the essential clearing of gutters and rain-water-heads is periodically attended to, pipes may decay unnoticed. These are generally of cast iron and placed close to walls, so that painting at the back of them is rendered impossible; hence in time they rust and eventually break and leak against the wall. This usually soaks up the water, which is thus transmitted to any timber that happens to be near such pipes. When new rain-water pipes are fixed they should be set out from the wall so that the backs can be painted and seen. When any question of improving ventilation arises it should be remembered that "through ventilation," from one side of a house to the other, is most efficacious, though of course not always practicable. On most days different aspects are at different temperatures, which means that a current of air is drawn under the floors through the ventilators to ascend on the warmer side of the building.

When houses have no damp-course—an impervious layer of slate, asphalt or other material to prevent moisture rising from the ground—it is quite possible to cut the walls bit by bit and insert one, though this is an expensive matter.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE.

Not to weary the reader with an essay on construction, let us turn finally to consider what should be done when the enemy is discovered within the gates. From what has been said it will be clear that no half-measures are likely to be effective, as, once well started, the fungus will thrive even in conditions which would not favour its original germination, and in exceptionally virulent cases whole floors have been completely consumed in a few months. The problem must be approached from a pathological standpoint, and precautions must be exercised similar to those necessary in dealing with infection.

Firstly, care must be exercised—great care in the spawning stage—that the spores, which can be carried in by the lightest air current, are not blown about. Therefore, before anything is moved, all exposed defective timber should be damped down with some non-volatile liquid. The defective work must then be removed, and herein lies some difficulty in deciding upon the extent of removal necessary, for what may appear sufficient to the layman may disregard threads and roots in unsuspected places. For instance, brick walls may at times require to be entirely removed, and every piece of loose or doubtful wood must be cut off and carried away. The writer recalls a case in which a fungus the size of a dinner-plate appeared on a wall, apparently not near any wood. The wall was opened and the growth discovered to be due to a single chip of wood walled up in rubbish in a filled-in recess.

The removal effected—and the surgeon's knife must be cruel to be kind—all surrounding sound timber and material must be treated with some suitable germicide. There are many proprietary specifics of varying efficacy, but different circumstances often suggest different treatments. No one can go far wrong, however, in using one of the many ordinary disinfectants based on carbolic acid as an initial check and safeguard. Such poisons as mercury perchloride and hydrocyanic acid, sometimes recommended, are best avoided altogether; certainly they should never be employed by anyone who is not thoroughly conversant with their dangerous properties.

Disease is a depressing topic, and it is desirable to end on a hopeful note. All rotten timber is not in a state of dry rot. It is even possible to have an outbreak in one part of a house and to cure it while other very unfavourably placed timber remains free from the disease.

With attention to essential repairs little need be feared in a well constructed dwelling and, like most diseases taken in its early stages, or a bad outbreak once mastered, one may always feel confident of retaining the upper hand in the event of a possible recurrence.

ALAN E. MUNBY.



# PARI-MUTUEL AND STIPENDIARY STEWARDS

## LORD JERSEY'S CRITICISMS CRITICISED.

LORD JERSEY'S speech at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club at York last month has received the usual mixed reception. When a man in a prominent position on the Turf chooses to speak on contentious subjects—as, indeed, he is expected to do at this interesting annual function, peace and satisfaction all round are scarcely to be looked for. True, there was nothing in any sense fiery in Lord Jersey's observations, and he may even be said to have qualified much that he did say by way of opinion and comment. It must not be forgotten that he was Chief Steward of the Jockey Club when the Government during the war practically took charge of racing, ordering its suspension and grudgingly permitting its resumption just whenever it liked. Thus Lord Jersey has some idea of what State control means, though I think he is wrong in suggesting that what was a necessity in war-time would be followed to the letter in the normal times of peace.

The possibility of State control occurs to Lord Jersey's mind in connection with the agitation in favour of the pari-mutuel. His argument is that by pressing for legalisation such an upheaval might be brought about in the laws of gaming as would cause a loss of freedom to those interested in racing and breeding, and would automatically place the supervision of it in the hands of the Government. That would come about through the pari-mutuel system requiring legalisation through Parliamentary action, and thereafter the Government would have to take action, create the machinery and appoint the officials for the collection of the percentage which is first deducted from the gross turnover of betting before dividends are paid on winnings. I confess that I do not appreciate why this should be so and why present methods of government of the Turf, through the admirable offices of the Jockey Club, should necessarily be threatened. It has not happened so in other countries, such as France, India, parts of Australia, South Africa and South America. Lord Jersey confesses he was in favour of the principle twenty years ago, and he concedes all that is claimed for what it would do in raising money for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, worthy charities, and for improving the amenities of the racecourse. To-day he is satisfied, and would rather "bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of." It is regrettable from many points of view that he should have found cause to so alter his mind on this very important subject, for one suspects that it is also the opinion of the members generally of the Jockey Club. In that case those who advocate the principle must not expect any assistance to be forthcoming from them. They might even actively oppose any movement which emanated from any but official quarters of admitted authority. Therefore I say that if the pari-mutuel is to come to the English Turf it will have to come at the request of the Government of the day. That day may be a very long way off; indeed, it may never dawn, but sometime and somehow it may dawn on a Chancellor of the Exchequer what might be exacted from the huge turnover in money which at present does no good to any but those immediately concerned. I will say nothing of any possible harm. Personally, I recognise that the forces against the pari-mutuel are so powerful and the conscience of the country on the whole subject of betting is so queer, not to say illogical and even hypocritical, that I have no hopes of it ever coming as the result of unofficial agitation alone.

Lord Jersey is more or less satisfied with the present system of controlling meetings through the voluntary offices of local stewards. He is willing to believe that with co-operation from handicappers and starters they should be able to watch and maintain the good name of racing without ever allowing slackness to creep in. I need hardly say that there are many who do not agree with Lord Jersey, who, again, would be fearful of consequences were stipendiary Stewards to be appointed, who would tour the meetings and be in a position to carry comparisons of running in their minds. He is frightened of giving them power to deal summarily with offenders. Thus he urges retention of the present system with some tightening up here and there. This is not quite my view, as readers of these notes are well aware. I see great weaknesses in the present system, not the least being the policy of entirely disregarding the question as to whether a Steward is given to betting regularly on races. It should not be politic to invite well known men who find much pleasure (and I hope profit) in betting to officiate in the very onerous position of Stewards. Even if the mistake be made of extending the courtesy of an invitation to them they should decline to act. For obviously they would rather sacrifice the little distinction attaching to Stewardship than the pleasure they derive from wagering. I like the suggestion that there should be paid advisory Stewards, who would be available for consultation by the local Stewards. They would have a most intimate knowledge of racing and its intricate rules, and they would have first-hand knowledge of racing from day to day. But some serious stiffening of the present system is most certainly overdue, and I regret that Lord Jersey was not more critical on the point. I am not referring to those gentlemen who bet only occasionally. Lord Jersey may doubtless indulge in an occasional modest wager on his own horses. Lord Lonsdale, I know, never has a bet, and no stipendiary Stewards would be better than they are.

The betting Stewards I have in mind are those who seldom miss a day's racing and who seldom miss a race without betting on it. They are notorious, and it does not beget confidence that they should be adjudicating on racing even though they are admittedly men of honour. But money wagered on horses warps the vision, and that is a fact which cannot be gainsaid.

As a rule, winners of the Gimcrack Stakes in recent years have not done a deal of good afterwards, but Polemarch is an exception in that he stands in the records now as the winner of the St. Leger. From that fact Lord Jersey takes some heart of grace in regard to his winner, Scamp, and I hope he may be right. Scamp, I am sure, is a good horse, in spite of the fact that in that Hurst Park race both Pondoland and Sicyon were proved better. I have some vague idea that we did not see the best of him then. It is hard to give reasons, for Lane rode him capably, and I suppose carried out his orders, but he died out too quickly to be quite natural. On the other hand, the form might be correct, as Silpho, which ran him to a head at York, has not done much since and is quite a moderate horse. What I am going on, however, is that I thought Scamp was decidedly backward when he won at York, though he won easily by a head. Then when we saw him again in November he showed that he had made a lot of improvement physically. He is just the sort of make and shape and breeding to make a really good three year old. There never was a time when such a chance offered for an unknown—unknown through the impossibility of training without much risk during the long season of drought—to come out and take classic honours next year.

National Hunt racing has got well under weigh, and I certainly see more evidence of vitality about it than has been the case for quite a number of years. Steeplechasing will, no doubt, languish on occasions, for there is an admitted dearth of this class of horse, and I understand they are far from being easy to find in Ireland, apart altogether from considerations of price. The best steeplechaser seen out during the opening week was, doubtless, Sir Huon, which won over three miles at Kempton Park for Sir James Buchanan, who is reported to have paid £3,000 for him. It seems a big sum to pay for a gelding, though it was common enough when Sir Charles Assheton Smith took a fancy to a brilliant performer. And, of course, £3,000 would be little enough for a horse capable of winning the Grand National, but I have doubts where Sir Huon is concerned, and as to whether he will be capable of staying the National course. But before coming to a definite opinion on that point I would naturally like to see more of him. PHILIPPOS.

## IF

*With deep apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.*

If you can keep your head when hounds first open,  
And a clinking halloo tells you he's away!  
If you can ride a four year old, half broken,  
And lie up with the thrusters—come what may—  
If you can go to anyone's assistance,  
Catch a loose horse when hounds are just ahead,  
Or fetch a doctor—never mind the distance—  
When some poor devil's lying out for dead.

If you can give your wife a stud of horses,  
And bear to hear her blame them all in turn,  
Exchange, or sell them with appalling losses,  
And hear her say, "you've got a lot to learn."  
If you can force your nerve and heart and sinew  
To follow, if she jumps a five-barred gate,  
When nasty sickly feelings spread within you,  
Maybe the moment's come to meet your fate!

If you can see your income quickly dwindle  
Through unemployment doles when miners strike,  
Through taxes on your land or some such swindle,  
And have to part with most things that you like,  
If you can say "good-bye" to all your hunters,  
And when you raise a bit to buy a screw,  
Can show the "field" they nearly all are funkies  
(This is not very difficult to do!).

If you can dine, and, as the wine flows faster,  
And unforgiving things are being said  
About your friends, the huntsman or the master,  
Can presently say something kind instead.  
If you have gone from field to field as hounds ran,  
And thrown no hint that you alone were there,  
My estimation of you as a sportsman  
Will be greater far than most who hunt can share.

G. R



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## STREATLAM CASTLE &amp; BIBURY COURT

**S**TREATLAM CASTLE, belonging to Lord Strathmore, on the right of the road from Raby to Barnard Castle, is a classic house on a balustraded terrace and of the middle period of our late Renaissance style. The central block and side wings, with the symmetrical row of sash windows, the flat balustraded roof, and the great stone cupolas, all form a mask for Gothic towers, embattled walls and traceried windows. The drawing-room is within fifteenth century walls, and the gallery is a subsequent addition set up against it. The castle of old Sir William de Bowes is buried, but not destroyed, for in the re-modelling there was no desire to obliterate the past.

Records of Streatlam begin with the building, by Alan the Black, Earl of Richmond, in 1089, of a tower as a protection against Scottish raids, and he handed it, with the command of 500 archers, to his cousin, who forthwith became known as Sir William de Bowes. A descendant, Alan, was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas by Edward III in the year 1331. William Bowes, who was knighted in 1424, "caullid in Frenche" (says Leland), "Mounseir de Arches, being in Fraunce with hym (Bedford) a xvii yeres, waxid riche and, coming home, augmented his lande and fame and did build a *fundamentis* the manor place of Streatlam in the Bishoprick of Durham." In this respect he seems to have resembled Lord Cromwell, Sir John Fastolfe (whom we have lately mentioned in this column in connection with Blickling) and Sir Roger Fiennes, builders of the castles of Tattershall, Caistor and Hurstmonceaux, the ideas for which they had noted in the French châteaux.

Streatlam and its owners came well through the Wars of the Roses, and prudent marriages much enriched them. When the Nevill Earl raised the standard of revolt at Raby in 1569, a Bowes took up arms against him, assembling the loyalists at Barnard Castle. While he was there the rebels captured Streatlam Castle and wrecked it—"they have utterly defaced my principall house, pullynge downe and carriage away the glass and iron of the windows and all syalynge" (decorative woodwork) "and doors and some part of the coverynge, being leade." Sir C. Sharp, who edited and published Bowes' manuscripts relating to the 1569 revolt, says Streatlam was new fronted and modernised by Sir William Bowes in 1708-10. A chivalrous sentiment of veneration for his family caused him to preserve as much as possible of the old walls. The style of Streatlam Castle as it is to-day points to its having been built in the very beginning of the eighteenth century.

Streatlam Castle (illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxviii, page 836), is for sale, by order of Lord Strathmore, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The estate is three miles from Barnard Castle and fifteen from Darlington, and with the castle will be sold either 4,806 acres or 1,198 acres, including the deer park of 400 acres, and a couple of miles of salmon fishing in the Tees. The drawing-room has walls in William and Mary panelling, painted white, and an acanthus leaf and floral cornice. The carved white marble mantle is ornamented by a pair of Cupid's heads, and centrally Medusa's head. The dining-room is decorated with armorial bearings of the owners of the property.

About 435 acres of woodlands afford first-rate shooting, and there are good coverts. The timber should be of considerable value. Speaking of sport, the trout fishing in the Streatlam Beck, which courses through the estate, is excellent. Some of the best country in the Zetland Hunt lies in the neighbourhood, which is convenient also for meets of the South Durham, Bedale and Hurworth. Golf is to be had at Barnard Castle. All Cleatham and most of Stainton are included in the sale.

## BYRAM PARK.

**SIR JOHN RAMSDEN** has given Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. instructions to sell Byram Park, three and a half miles from Pontefract. It is a Georgian mansion, with Adam decorations and 3,790 acres. The park has an area of 540 acres, with notable avenues, and there is almost a square mile of woodland, especially well laid out for shooting. The fourteen farms range from 40 to over 400 acres. The Adam library is a beautiful apartment, with an exquisite ceiling and a mantelpiece

enriched with egg and tongue moulding and a central mask. The principal staircase shows some fine Adam designing. The grounds contain an ornamental lake and paths edged by ancient yews. The rose garden is approached through what is known as the Broad Yew Walk of clipped yews 15ft. high. One of the avenues of lime trees is a mile and a half long through park and woods. The 84 cottages are mainly in the villages of Brotherton and Burton Salmon.

## GLENMONNOW HOUSE SOLD.

**THE** private sale of Glenmonnow House, on the Hilston Park estate, Monmouthshire, and four of the half-dozen farms, bought in at Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s auction, leaves only two farms to be sold out of 55 lots, which had a total area of 2,320 acres. Thus, privately and otherwise, all this property has changed hands in a few weeks. The illustrated particulars show a picture of one of the two remaining farms, Norton Court, 255 acres, for which only £3,500 is asked, and the other holding is Church Farm, 186 acres, for £3,550, both inclusive of the timber. The land lies in the pretty valley of the Monnow, four miles from Monmouth, and there is hunting with the Monmouth and South Hereford packs, also the Ross Harriers. Two or three miles of trouting in the Monnow pass with Glenmonnow, a house built of the local stone with a tiled roof and partly clad with ivy, roses and other climbers. The distant view of the Black Mountains from Glenmonnow is one of the most bewitching in the West Country.

Hawkrigge House and about 100 acres, near Newbury, have been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., for approximately £16,000. It is a nice sporting property, having 65 acres of woodland and trout fishing in the Lambourne.

## FUTURE OF STOWE.

**STOWE**, the sale of which was announced in COUNTRY LIFE of July 9th last, has dropped out of the public mind since that time. The property was described and illustrated in these columns (Vol. xviii, page 522; and Vol. xxv, pages 18, 54 and 90). The suggestion made in COUNTRY LIFE, June 11th, last (page 738), that the structure was suitable for educational purposes, seems likely to be acted upon, and it is rumoured that a scheme for utilising the mansion as a public preparatory school is engaging attention.

Mr. Jackson Stops, who conducted the auctions at Stowe, is next month at Cheltenham, to offer a large acreage of land which belonged to the late Lord Ellenborough, with some beautiful old farm-houses. It is near the British camp and the golf course in that favourite residential and sporting neighbourhood, the Cleve Hill district.

## BIBURY COURT.

**LORD SHERBORNE** has placed Bibury Court, near Cirencester, his old Cotswold Tudor manor of 3,372 acres, in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for sale by private treaty. The estate was illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE (September 7th, 1912, page 324). The low left wing of the house dates from Tudor days, but the main portion was built by Sir Thomas Sackville in 1633. Such modernisation as there was seems to have stopped at the first floor. The interior decoration is presumably of about the year 1759. The property was purchased by Lord Sherborne's predecessors in the year 1831. It is a delightful old house in the midst of an exquisitely charming district, seven miles from Cirencester, and the sporting is first-rate, with 2½ miles of trouting in the Coln, where, too, is a trout hatchery.

## SPORTING PROPERTIES.

**HILLBROOK**, Iver Heath, to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Batten and Heywood, extends to 96 acres. The gardens contain specimen plants and shrubs collected from all parts of the world, and there is trout fishing in the Alderbourne. Herrings Farm, 240 acres, at Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the firm has been instructed to submit the sporting estate of Ampot St. Mary's, near Andover, for Captain Philipson. Situated in a famous shooting district, it comprises 1,527 acres,

with partridge ground, trout fishing, and farms.

Captain G. C. Walker has instructed the Hanover Square firm to dispose of the sporting estate of Crawfordton, 4,000 acres in Dumfriesshire, with 1,200 acres of grouse moor and eight farms. Another impending offer is of Kinloch, Perthshire, one of the best grouse moors in the county, where in one season a bag of 2,141 grouse was obtained. The estate of Leighton, with a Georgian mansion and 850 acres, near Westbury, producing a rent roll of £1,240, excluding the mansion, is to be offered this month; and Thickthorn, Warwickshire, 107 acres, in this well known hunting county; as well as many smaller residential and agricultural properties in various parts of the country.

Auchinellan House, Argyllshire, with the farm and the Ford Hotel, altogether about 1,000 acres, have been sold at Glasgow by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Major W. Priestley has purchased from a client of Messrs. J. Watson Lyall and Co., Limited, the Sutherlandshire estate, Rovie, including Pitfour Lodge. The property extends to 8,000 acres, and affords grouse and other shooting, as well as salmon and sea trout fishing in the Fleet, and loch fishing.

## A HERTS MANSION SOLD.

**SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.**, designed one of the finest of the many imposing rooms at Shenley Hill, the West Hertfordshire mansion which Messrs. Curtis and Henson have just sold, with 118 acres, on behalf of Mr. Stuart A. De La Rue. Shenley Hill illustrates what has often been noted about Hertfordshire, that, though it is so near London, there are large tracts of the county still quite undeveloped and affording a rural seclusion suggestive of places far from town. The freehold is a couple of miles from Radlett and four or five from Barnet and St. Albans. A good site was selected for the house, which is modern and stands 460ft. above sea level. The wooded grounds contain three tennis courts, and there is an extensive range of glass houses wherein the Muscat grape flourishes exceedingly; a squash racquets court, lighted by electricity and having an oak floor, is also a feature of the place. Golf may be had at Porters Park, and there is hunting with the Hertfordshire and Old Berkeley.

## SALE OF BARTON MANOR.

**THE** late Prince Consort designed the buildings at Barton Manor, near Cowes, and to him also must be ascribed the planning of the pretty Solent and Valley Drive. Barton Manor, which has been sold by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, on behalf of the Commissioners of Woods, Forests and Land Revenues, has an area of 725 acres. The manor of Barton, afterwards Barton, belonged originally to the Mackarels of Brook, passing with Brook to the Glamorgans, from whom John de Lisle bought it, and he subsequently presented it to the Oratory of Barton. In their hands it remained until 1439, when they granted it to the Warden and Scholars of Winchester College. By that corporation the property was sold in 1845 to the Prince Consort, who wished to add it to the Osborne estate.

## GLEMHAM HALL.

**ONE** of the best shooting properties of its size in East Anglia, Glemham Hall, near Wickham Market, may be bought on favourable terms, through Messrs. Lofts and Warner and Messrs. Moore, Garrard and Son. In recent years £20,000 have been spent in improving it. Lord Guildford's Suffolk seat, described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxvii, page 18), is of 2,885 acres, eight miles from the coast, on the London and Lowestoft road. When the Glemham family's representatives sold the property, in the year 1650, the Norths bought it, and Dudley North altered the front to substantially its present Palladian form.

The sale of a Town mansion under the hammer at the Mart is uncommon enough to have aroused quite a pleasurable interest when the final bid of £7,000 was accepted for the long lease of No. 60, Grosvenor Street, Mayfair. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., conducted the auction. The house is handsomely decorated in the Queen Anne style, with fine old features, panelling and a stately staircase. There are a squash racquets court and Dutch garden.

ARBITER.

## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

## A NOVEL FORM OF PULL-THROUGH.

ONCE made rather a quaint variation of the ordinary shot-gun pull-through which should prove an extremely useful addition to the equipment of every gunroom. Its principal feature is an old muzzle-loading rod, incidentally the only one I have ever seen made of bamboo. A little alteration to the ferrule enabled it to receive and retain a knotted cord. The free end of this cord was spliced to form a lasso loop, through which a rag of appropriate size was drawn. The



SOME GUNROOM CONVENIENCES.

contrivance, as illustrated, can be dropped down the barrel without any of the niggling delay due to feeding the weight of an ordinary pull-through, and it can be drawn out from the muzzle end at express speed. Ten seconds is the timed period of pulling it through both barrels. After that a rod fitted with the stiff bristle brush requires to be vigorously worked up and down inside, so scrubbing out any adhering fouling and even taking away leading not too intimately amalgamated with the bore surface. An open bath of oil is necessary for conveniently applying the cleansing agent, and nothing is better for the purpose than one of the squat ink bottles which are fitted with a hinged lid. The cleaning brush should not be dipped in the oil, but a round artist's brush, size No. 10, be used as conveyor. This same brush serves for anointing the inmost recesses of metal surfaces as a preliminary to vigorous rag rubbing. A great advantage of the rod form of pull-through is that one naturally stands it up in a corner, the rag being thus saved from its inherent tendency to gather grit and other filth. I have often wondered why the gun trade has devoted so little attention to the provision of these gunroom conveniences, for their effort ceases when the portable outfit, as stowed in the gun-case, has been made up. Lately I approached one of my friends in the trade on the subject, and he promised to experiment in the direction indicated. I shall give the enterprise all the encouragement possible, but promise to stand clear of any commercial results that may accrue.

## CLEANING TACKLE IN THE GUNROOM.

Lately I had reason to clean a pair of guns in a particularly well appointed gunroom. There was a large central table for the unpacking of gun cases and cartridge magazines, racks around for the reception of guns when put together, a choice display of stuffed specimens on the walls, and greatest treasure of all, a special Romeo and Juliet sort of balcony with full-length bench dedicated to the cleaning of guns. Everything was well ordered and perfect till you came to the apparatus. This consisted of a pair of rods, carrying jags, a supply of tow for winding around the same, a large enginedriver's valve oil-can for delivering the lubricant and, finally, a sufficient supply of wiping rags. One naturally took advantage of the ready-towed rod for wiping out the fouling, which was smeared up and down the bore till some unknown per cent. of it had adhered to the approximately fitting mop. Then one would take the other rod, and, if conscientious, uncoil the sticky adhering mess, re-wind a fresh lot, adjust it till the correct fit was obtained, drip oil on its surface and rub it up and down. If, peradventure, it popped out at the muzzle, the coil had to be undone and a fresh start made, this because the rod handle was too large to navigate the barrel, and there was no union that could be unscrewed. Clearly, the film left in the barrel was an oiled mixture of the residue from the first wipe. This would be innocuous enough for a frequently used gun provided the oil was one of the chemically impregnated

kind; but as it was not I felt no surprise on seeing a rust-streak the following morning. External cleaning was effected by dripping spots of oil on the barrel and action and spreading them by vigorous application of the rags. There is no doubt that the entire programme makes undue demands on the conscientiousness of the tired loader or gamekeeper who has been out all day, and has a crowd of other things awaiting attention. My own more rapidly accomplished treatment successfully protects the fine condition of a best gun used all day in salt water surroundings.

## A WILDFOWLING EXCURSION.

Just by way of refreshing past memories of wildfowling jaunts I recently journeyed to one of those always unnamed places where sport of a kind is to be had, sport which possesses a charm unshared by the more ordered functions. Its inhabitants remembered me better than I remembered them, welcoming my return with a heartiness which bespoke fellow-feeling for one who loved the oily tints of their muddy landscape. Apparently the word had been passed round: Len had got a boat ready for the morning, and good sport was promised, this, be it understood, of the modest dimensions which are known to satisfy me. Every sportsman is at heart a bit of a naturalist, though not necessarily of the scientific variety; and actually, much more entrancing than the shooting to be obtained on these occasions is the opportunity they afford for nature observation; curlew in hundreds, safe from occupants in a boat by virtue of their habit of avoiding flight along the water level of the creeks; herons also were in amazing numbers, one party numbering 33. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has said somewhere that he never remembered seeing more than 20 redshanks in a single flock, yet here was a drove numbering anything from 100 to 200, all engaged in performing a species of combined flight during the period of high water. The dunlin flocks were, of course, far more numerous, at least 1,000 forming that cloud-like mass which assumes all forms, while drifting first one way and then another, at one moment losing visibility, then regaining it when the flat of their countless wings is turned towards the observer. Most beautiful of it all is when the white is suddenly lit up by the sun, the air seeming full for a moment of glittering snowflakes. So the birds will exercise and manoeuvre during the brief two hours that their feeding grounds are covered by the tide. At a signal they appear to break up into little parties which fly rapidly to the gradually uncovering mud banks spread over a large area. The only time for obtaining really first-class sport in these places is during the prevalence of hard weather. Then



BETTER HIDDEN THAN THE PICTURE SUGGESTS.

the occupant of a judiciously placed boat has only to await the chances which continuously present themselves, numbed body and fingers proving somewhat of a handicap. The greatest problem of all is to maintain intentness, the shooter never knowing whether the interval will be ten seconds or ten minutes, realising the while that the slightest inattention may spoil one of the great chances of the day. We seem to have read of ducks and geese galore, but the reality is on a par with that which keeps the coarse fisherman a patient student of his art. But there is one difference. The quality of the shots presented to the wildfowler knows no peer.

## THE LATE MR. BAILLIE-GROHMANN.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Baillie-Grohmann at the time when he was fathering the Mannlicher-Schonauer rifle. This weapon is extremely well known to everyone who is interested in stalking rifles. Its action was probably the sweetest working and most refined of any in existence, though it came on the scene too late to be adopted by any military power, hence its *début* in sporting form. Most remarkable was its aperture back-sight, a convenience highly difficult to associate with the bolt action. Here it was mounted on a flexible stem so as to give way to the bolt during retraction. There were many other items reflecting extreme solicitude on the part of the designer, and Mr. Baillie-Grohmann made no secret to me that his was the main inspiration.